REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

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AN

AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS,

WHO HAVE ATTRACTED PUBLIC ATTENTION IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD;

INCLUDING

A FULL EXPOSURE OF THE INIQUITIES OF THE PRETENDED PROPHET

JOE SMITH,

AND OF THE

SEVEN DEGREES OF THE MORMON TEMPLE;

ALSO

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FRAUDS PRACTISED BY

MATTHIAS THE PROPHET,

AND OTHER RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

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JOE SMITH.

Joe Smith is one of the most remarkable characters in the annals of religious imposture; and, singular to say, his principal claim to distinction seems to exist in the very deficiency of his mental and physical qualifications; for without genius, faith, learning, prepossessing appearance, or even enthusiasm, he contrived to establish a formidable sect, which is likely to flourish for ages, and even to invest himself with a crown of martyrdom, which in after years, when time has worn away from memory and tradition the insignificance of his character, may honor and immortalize his name.

But, though deficient of genius, Smith was in full possession of one of its mightiest and most invincible attributes, namely, *firmness of purpose;* for with him, *to will was to do*—all means being adopted, without scruple, which were likely to lead to the end desired. And in this lay the grand secret of his success.

Of the history of this man previous to the time which made him notorious, but very little is positively known; for his origin was humble—nothing of moment disturbed the oblivion of his youth or early manhood; and he himself rarely spoke of either, preferring (perhaps for good reason) to leave them involved in mystery.

Nevertheless, the biographers have been at work, and pretend to have traced his career from the cradle to the grave. They vary so much in their statements, however, that it is probable they frequently drew upon their imaginations for their facts. And then, he has had two kinds of historians—his natural and spiritual—the former of whom make him out very much of a sinner; and the latter, almost the perfection of a saint.

We are indebted for the following brief sketch, to an excursion among a number of what are called "authentic biographies" of this singular person; and we have principally confined ourselves to those portions of them in which they corroborate each other. Hence, if we make any errors in facts (being but an humble compiler in search of the truth), the fault is not ours, but must be attributed to those who have written before us.

Joe Smith is said to have been born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, on the 23d of December, 1805; but, judging from his appearance at the time of his death, it is probable that he commenced his existence several years before that period. His parents, who were very humble but reputable people, moved to Palmyra, New York, when Joe was in his tenth year, at which time he was a cunning, vicious, lazy, and overbearing boy; and was not remarkable for any redeeming point of character.

It is further said of him, that he was such a pilferer, that everything he touched stuck to his fingers; and such a liar, that he never told the truth,

even by accident; and withal, he had a most revengeful disposition: in evidence of which, we select a few illustrations.

When he was very young, an old woman, named Tracy, beat him for stealing some eggs; and on the same night her hen-house was set on fire, and the depredation traced to Joe Smith.

At thirteen, he purloined some clothes from a hedge, which he exchanged with a peddler for cosmetics; and on the third day following, testified that he saw one James Bradshaw committing the theft.

On a certain occasion, his father having whipped him, he poisoned the house-dog, a valuable mastiff, with ratsbane.

On another, having a grudge against some member of the family, or else for the sake of mischief, he introduced a quantity of medicine into the coffee-pot, and made all who partook of it sick.

And on a third, having been beaten by a much bigger boy than himself, he watched his opportunity until he found the enemy bathing in a river; whereupon he threw his clothes after him, scattering them piece by piece in various places, so that they were borne away by the stream and never recovered.

In those days Joe was employed on a farm: but he had decidedly no talents—at least, practical ones—in that line. He performed no labor but upon compulsion; and even then, he made it a rule to do at least as much harm as good. He also went to school; but evinced such little aptitude for learning, that he was usually the last of his class. In all matters connected with pastime or squabbling, however, he was even more than sufficiently bright; for he browbeat the other boys, and would have no one over him; and furthermore, his genius for stealing and lying never deserted him; and on the whole, until his fifteenth year, there was not a more graceless or unpromising urchin in or around the village of Palmyra.

But suddenly, at this period, he either became or affected to become exceedingly devout. This was the immediate consequence of a "religious revival" which attacked that region in the form of a camp-meeting, and which Joe attended on a frolic that terminated in his conversion. He was one of those who, "going to scoff, remain to pray;" for, in fact, he made but one jump from the sinner into the saint; and so long as the fit lasted, like Parnell's hermit,

> "Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
> Prayer all his business—all his pleasure, praise."

But this spell of goodness lasted but a month, when he suffered a relapse, and was worse than ever. It is even contended that he was guilty of considerable backsliding during the advent of his piety, and that he intermingled his spiritual devotions and his petty larcenies so judiciously, that the more he prayed the more he stole. But, however this may be, it is certain that his meek deportment was soon exchanged for one of utter recklessness; and that from that period, until he was well advanced in manhood, he led a life—chiefly wandering—of unmitigated and unabashed depravity.

In this interim, his enemies charge him with crimes enough to startle a state-prison, and make the Newgate calendar blush. Their catalogue is, indeed, of most suspicious length; and among them are rapes, seductions, robberies, counterfeitings, and coinings; and even murder is darkly hinted at. He appears, however, to have escaped all legal punishment; though one of his biographers affirms that he served two years, under an assumed name, in a prison in Massachusetts for horse-stealing. These stories are probably exaggerated; but even his warmest friends admit, that "during his mid-youth, the temptations of the Evil One were so urgent, that he surrendered himself entirely, up to his counsels." And it is a fact

known to most, that honor and morality were matters he made light of, even in his ripest years; and this, too, very honestly and aboveboard, for he awarded them no place among the virtues as taught by his religion, and consequently treated them with but very little respect.

It was in this unsettled period of his life that the future prophet visited the larger cities of the United States, and picked up a living, as a "Peter Funk" in New York, a "ring-dropper" in Philadelphia, and a passer of "bogus-money" in Boston. The last, however, was his standard avocation, and he followed it in connexion with an Englishman, named Miles Anderson, who had initiated him into its mysteries. It is also rumored that he studied engraving under the same master; and that herein may be found the solution of his hieroglyphic plates of the "Mormon Bible."

Joe was then a brawling, harem-scarem fellow, who loved drinking, fighting, and lewd company; could sing a song of a character shocking to ears polite; was partial to cards and the dice-box; and rarely finished a sentence of any dignity without embellishing it with a formidable oath.

At times, however, he was hypocritical, and, tacking "reverend" to his name, went about peddling pious publications; and it was probably the strange temperaments he was brought in connexion with by this order of traffic which incited him to the step that has rendered his name so notorious.

There now appears to be a hiatus in Smith's history; for we can find nothing about him until some time after the year 1830, when he suddenly blazed forth as the founder of the "Mormon sect" in the state of Missouri. Of all religions, this appeared the wildest. At its head was a juvenile vagabond, without talent, character, or even hypocrisy. Its precepts were the very reverse of good morals. It not only tolerated but applauded adultery, robbery, and various other of the gravest crimes. And yet it took root and flourished, and for those very reasons which it would seem must have destroyed it in the seed; for sinners of both sexes flocked to its standard—glad to find a high road to heaven, which differed from all others, and accorded so well with their own peculiar wants and wishes on that subject.

Proselytes, indeed, flowed to it in continuous streams from all parts of the world (but especially from England, whose inhabitants are greatly given to new and strange doctrines), until this Mormon church of abomination was full to overflowing, and all decency utterly outraged. Nothing, in fact, could surpass the depravity of those people at that time. They revelled in everything that was blasphemous, and dishonest, and immoral, and obscene. The society, in short, was like a hell broke loose; and the older it grew, the worse it became.

But the nuisance was too rank to be long-lived. In the beginning, sober people regarded it with feelings of curiosity and marvel; but after a time, when the novelty wore off, and Mormonism stood before them in its naked deformity, amazement ripened into indignation, and they declared it should exist among them no longer. The Mormons, however, were now so strong that they organized themselves into an armed battalion, and unfurled the flag of defiance; whereupon the body popular of Missouri, under the direction of Governor Boggs, rose against them, and, after several terrific engagements and much bloodshed, succeeded in driving the outlaws into the state of Illinois, where they were received with open arms, under the idea that they were the victims of persecution.

This was the occasion of the subsequent deadly hatred which Joe Smith expressed for Governor Boggs. Nor did he confine his animosity to words: for, several months after, he employed a ruffian to kill him, who so far succeeded in his enterprise that he shot at and severely wounded the governor in his own house. And subsequently so many threats and attempts were made against his life, that Mr. Boggs emigrated to California, whence it is

probable he will soon return, owing to the recent pilgrimage of the Mormons in that direction.

Smith and his people, having secured footing in Illinois, purchased a large tract of land in Hancock county; laid out the plan of the city of Nauvoo on an immense scale; and commenced the erection of their famous Temple, the cost of which was estimated at a million of dollars.

Joe was now in the full tide of glory and successful experiment. His name became a world-wide wonder. He made laws—levied taxes—bought cannon—and raised a regiment. He had proselytes in all nations, under the name of the "*Latter-Day Saints.*" His city formed a nucleus for emigrants, and soon swelled out into importance and opulence. He was at once a king, a chief, and a prophet; and threatened, in a manner, to become the Mahomet of the New World.

And yet he was all this time a common-place man, and the very reverse of saintliness and royalty; for he was worldly-minded, boisterous, sensual, and gross; and told laughable stories; and cursed like a trooper; and quarrelled with his neighbors; and was fond of brandy, especially when any one else paid for it: and, in short, in most things he would have been very much of a sinner, if it did not happen that he was so much more of a saint.

But, alas for the virtue of mankind! it was not even the enthusiasm of a false religion that sustained Mormonism; but it afforded a scope of action for the abandoned; a banquet for the licentious: a refuge for the escaped felon; a school for juvenile delinquents; security for counterfeiters; and, in fine, honors and rewards for all sorts of criminals: and herein lay its success. And Smith only maintained his ascendency through the medium of his unconquerable will; though it must be admitted that he evinced talent in making virtues of licentiousness and dishonesty, as these were certain to secure him advocates and followers.

But as the Mormons grew strong, they waxed insolent, and soon made the state of Illinois aware that she had taken a viper to her bosom. They issued spurious notes, and manufactured counterfeit coin, almost openly. Their bands of house-breakers, highwaymen, shop-lifters, and horse-thieves, prowled about the country upon a system that worked like machinery. The most barefaced adultery, under the title of "spiritual wifeism," was a leading feature of their sect. They obtained the entire political control of Hancock county and all its important offices; and no man therein but a Mormon was secure in his property, or even in his life. The sheriff and his officers were Mormons, and the juries were Mormons; and no matter what crimes Mormons perpetrated against others than themselves, they were but rarely tried, and never convicted. And they threatened other counties with vengeance if they interfered with them. And they sent forth their assassins to appal resistance. And, in short, they left nothing undone that could extend their power and profits, and strengthen their reign of terror.

But the day of retribution soon arrived; for, ere the sun of their nefarious prosperity was well above the horizon, public opinion denounced and gave them notice to quit, which, however, they refused to take: and then began the second Mormon war, the particulars of which must have a place in the reader's memory, as they were given to the world by the busy tongues of a thousand newspapers.

This struggle terminated with Smith's death; for immediately afterward the Mormons surrendered at discretion, and their main body emigrated farther west, with the intention of establishing themselves in California.

Joe's death, as he might have had good reason to apprehend, was a bloody one. He was in Carthage jail, Illinois, awaiting his trial upon various charges, when a well-substantiated rumor was promulgated, that, in deference to his influence and wealth, he was about to be set at liberty without punishment: whereupon, a body of armed citizens broke open the jail, and

killed the prisoner, by shooting him, as he was in the act of escaping through a window. What became of his body, is not known. Some say that it was privately buried at Nauvoo; others, that the Mormons embalmed it, and carry it about with them in a silver coffin; and others again, that it was thrown into a ditch and devoured by hogs.

Joe's friendly biographers, being aware that his "natural life" was not a very good one, say very little about it; but they are sufficiently prolific on the subject of his "spiritual existence."

We learn from them that at the age of fifteen, being deeply impressed with the importance of religion, he devoutly implored the Almighty to instruct him in the choice of the true one, when he was informed by an angel, who appeared to him on several occasions, that all the existing sects were wrong, and that it was his mission to found the only one that could lead to salvation. Smith's juvenile fervor, however, soon abated; and, by the admission of all, he sinned away as fast as he could until the year 1830, when he repented with such effect that the angel returned to him, and set him about the work to which he had been appointed "before the beginning of time." He (the angel) now told Smith, that Christ's instructions to the apostles to preach the gospel merely alluded to themselves, and had no reference to posterity; and hence, that there had been no church proper in the world for upward of sixteen hundred years; but that the time had arrived when one must be established. He also informed him that the generally-received version of the Scriptures was full of errors; but that the Indians of North America, who were once a mighty and a learned people, had buried a *stereotype* edition of the *true Bible* in a hill in Manchester, near Palmyra, where he would find it, and by that means lead all mankind into the knowledge of the true faith. And these plates, which were thin, oblong squares of metal, were found as indicated, enclosed in a stone-box; and they were thickly covered with hieroglyphics, which Joe, notwithstanding that he was wretchedly illiterate, readily translated. And, in fact, there was a sort of mystery about the whole affair; but then it was coupled with a fact which suggested an awkward mode of solution, namely: the plates had evidently been engraved with *modern instruments!*

We designed giving a few pictures of Nauvoo society, especially in its connexion with the "*spiritual wife*" *system*. But, on examining the subject, we felt admonished to decline so doing, lest they might be considered immoral, or at least indelicate. Indeed, whatever may be said to the contrary, there seems nothing more positive than that the whole affair of Mormonism was based upon a mingled foundation of dishonesty and lust. The roguish and libidinous congregated under its banners, to the end of giving the fullest latitude to their passions, not only without shame, but under the impression—for people are easily persuaded into a faith which coincides with their inclinations—that they were fulfilling the will of Heaven. And thus the wealth of Nauvoo, as evidenced by its sudden growth, its magnificent temple, and so forth, was the direct result of a most extensive and successful system of robbery, and operations in base coinage and other counterfeits, with which they pervaded the country for hundreds of miles around; and the "*spiritual wifeism*" was neither more or less than rank adultery—and that, too, of a much grosser character than mankind had previously any idea of; for, through this medium, any man might have as many *spiritual wives* as he liked, though from three to six were the average numbers; and these wives were permitted (though not openly) to be equally liberal in the number of their spiritual husbands. This we know has been *partially* denied; but several responsible persons have made affidavits to the facts as we have stated them, and their testimony has been fully corroborated by a large amount of circumstantial and other evidence. Moreover, several of Joe Smith's letters maintain the propriety of the unrestricted intercourse of

the sexes; and in the sketch of the "*Degrees of the Temple*," which we subjoin, will be found further confirmation of the existence among the Mormons of this revolting doctrine. This sketch was written by a seceding Mormon named Thomas White; and as it compares well with others that we have seen and much that we have heard, and was placed before the circuit judges in Illinois under the sanction of several reputable witnesses, we have no doubt of its entire authenticity. The temple, by the way, is a majestic and splendid edifice, and was built for the purpose of giving a credit and stability to Mormonism. It is supposed to have originated in minds superior to that of Smith; and its cost, as we have stated, was estimated at a million of dollars, not to mention the outlay for machinery, the existence of which was kept as secret as possible, so as to give the mysteries of initiation a superhuman effect.

We now come to the "Degrees of the Temple;" which, with a few omissions made in deference to taste and morality, we copy *verbatim* from Mr. White's report. It may be proper to state here, that all Mormons had to undergo a year's probation before they were finally initiated into the order; and even then, none but those whose characters were unimpeachable, according to Mormon principles, were admitted to that distinction.

FIRST DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

Having passed through the established period of preparatory ordeal, myself and wife, and probably fifty other persons, male and female, proceeded to the temple, according to invitation, to be fully received into the bosom of the church.

We prepared for the ceremony, in a dress so peculiar that I have had a drawing made of our general appearance; and we were introduced by Joe Smith, in his half-military garb—a most graphic likeness of whom, thus equipped, we have added to the picture.

It was after nightfall when we entered the porch, and all within was still and dark; but presently there was a flourish of trumpets, and a faint light revealed a massive gate leading into a narrow, crooked, and rugged path, full of loose stones and brambles, and behind which stood a gigantic figure armed with a club.

"Children of darkness," cried this figure, "what brings you here?"

"Being in darkness," replied a voice which we all recognised as that of Joe Smith, "they are in quest of light."

"But are they fit to receive it?" demanded the giant.

"Their spirits are willing and their flesh is strong," replied the Mormon chief.

"Then," said the giant, "let me see them exerted."

Whereupon we were ordered by the friendly voice to force the gate, which we vainly strove to do for several minutes, while the giant stood smiling scoffingly at us and shaking his club.

"Fools," said he at length, "to thus endeavor to break down the barrier of the giant Error, who for sixteen hundred years swayed the destiny of all mankind!"

"Not of *all*," exclaimed our champion.

"Of all but *one*," returned the giant, "and those who see by his light."

"And who is he?"

"I dare not mention his name, lest my barriers should fall down before it.'

"Is it Moses?"

"A greater than him."

"Is it Christ?"

"One gifted with his power."

"Is it Mahomet?"

INITIATION OF THE FIRST DISCIPLE.

"One mightier still."

"Is it Joseph Smith?"

"Thou hast said." And at the last word the gate flew open, and the giant fled howling, while several exquisite voices at a distance chanted the annexed:—

"Well might he, the prince of Error,
Fly before that name of terror,
(While moves a feather in his pinions),
For *it* has ravaged his dominions;
Has scattered Jew, and Turk, and Pagan,
And startled the old Roman dragon;
And let in light on all sectarians,
Who were on knotty points at variance.
But now admit—nor dare to scoff it—
That God is God—and Smith the prophet."

We now entered the narrow path, when the gate closed on us, and we were left in darkness; but still, from time to time, we could see frightful shadows flitting before us, who strove to intercept our path. And then we stumbled over stones, and tore ourselves with briers and thorns; and still, as we advanced, several spectral figures sang the annexed verses in doleful chorus:—

"Who are you—who are you?
Neither Pagan, Turk, nor Jew;
Nor yet e'en Christian—such as claim
A Christian church of ancient fame,
When none existed but in name.
You are none of those, we know,
Else could you not resist us so."

At length our spokesman exclaimed:—

SMITH.

"Friends, avaunt! in vain you fight."

SPECTRES.

"Who are you, so strong and bright?"

SMITH.

"One whom God is ever with."

SPECTRES.

"Name your name, then."

SMITH.

"Joseph Smith!"

SPECTRES.

"So we feared; for none beside
Could thus subdue our strength and pride!
Perish, Error—Earth, farewell!
For here may we no longer dwell."

And the spectres vanished as we arrived at a point of the road from which diverged, in opposite directions, two paths—the one leading to the left wide and smooth, and full of people moving in one direction; the other narrow, rugged, and lonely; while full in front of us stood a large, portly individual, smiling blandly, who thus addressed us: "Welcome, welcome, good people—this way, this way! A good road, you see, and plenty of company, and religions to suit all tastes and fancies. Here you have Jews and Gentiles—protestants, catholics, quakers, shakers, baptists, universalists,

and presbyterians. Walk in—walk in! The accommodations are unquestionable; and all are equally sure of close and warm quarters at the end of their journey."

"And what of the road on the right?" demanded our spokesman.

"Not knowing, can't tell," answered the portly person, "for none have ever travelled it; and those who do had better look out for their shins and the bog-holes."

"But where does it lead to?" resumed Smith.

"Oh, that's nothing—that's nothing!" answered the other; "only use your eyes, instead of your doubts; and if you are people of taste, your legs and your hearts will soon be moving through the left-hand road, along with all the rest of the world."

"And be damned for our pains," cried our friend.

"The preachers don't say so: ask any of them, and they will tell you otherwise," replied the stranger.

"But what is the fact?" interrogated the prophet.

"Excuse me, I am the Prince of Prejudice, and don't deal in facts," returned he of the smiling countenance.

"Father of lies, I know it and you," resumed Smith, stretching forth his hand—"but, behold, I am answered!"

And instantly the portly personage became a hideous devil; while on the left was seen a pool of liquid fire, from which proceeded howling and gnashing of teeth; and on the right, and apparently at a great distance, a small white light of intense brilliancy, surmounted with a scroll containing these words:—

"THE WAY IS DANGEROUS, BUT THE REWARD IS HEAVEN."

And accordingly we hastened toward the bright light, which several times escaped us; but at length we reached it by ascending an inclined plane, which led to another story of the building. But before we could examine its nature, a loud voice exclaimed:—

"Prostrate yourselves, oh! blest among mortals, for you are in the presence of the *Holy of Holies!*"

And thus ended the first degree.

SECOND DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

As we lay prostrate, a choir of sweet voices, accompanied by flutes and harps, sang these words:—

"Rejoice, rejoice, ye things of clay:
For you are near the rapture-giver,
Which soon can drive your sins away,
And glorify your souls for ever;
Can henceforth make you free from sin,
Howe'er your deeds may vex the nation.
Then haste, this bright reward to win:
Oh haste, and look on your salvation."

And on arising, we beheld the bright flame, which issued from a silver urn placed upon a gorgeous throne: and in the midst of the flame, and altogether uninjured by the fire—if fire it was—lay a richly-bound copy of the *Mormon bible*, open at the Revelations, and printed in letters alternately of red and gold.

And on a yet higher throne, and surrounded by clouds which rendered them nearly invisible, sat three beings in shining robes, who were intended to represent the "*Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!*" the first of whom addressed us thus:—

"Children of men, thus far you've won your way
Into the regions of eternal day—
Where, should your faith be steadfast to its core,
You'll reign as kings and queens for evermore,
Over the subjects—every queen and king
Which from their own especial loins shall spring;
And hence the meaning of the mandate high
That mortals should *increase and multiply*.
For unto you the great reward is given,
As the primordials who shall people heaven!
But wo—eternal wo—unto your souls,
If you are not as steadfast as the poles
In all the claims and secrets of your faith,
Which on this book we swear you to—till death!
Lift up your hands—and oh! remember well,
Henceforth your truth is heaven—your falsehood, hell!"

And thereupon, kneeling before the throne which contained the bible, and lifting up our right hands, we swore to the following oath, which we repeated, word for word:—

"Here, by the Holy Trinity,
Which reigns in heaven eternally:
And by the Book upon this throne
(God's written word—and his alone)—
We swear to hold the Mormon faith,
In weal and wo—in life and death:
To deem all good, it bids us do,
However strange it seems to view;
And ne'er reveal—e'en life to save—
A tittle of its secrets grave
(Whate'er the penalty at stake):
And, as this oath we keep or break,
Reward us, Heaven, with joys eternal,
Or tortures endless and infernal!"

And the last word was followed by vivid flashes of lightning, and terrific claps of thunder; and then all was darkness and silence for several minutes, when the following lines were spoken by the deep voice which had addressed us before:—

"I take your pledge; and mark me heedfully,
Even by that pledge I'll judge ye when ye die.
And now go forth—I give you up the earth:
Yours be its wealth, its honors, and its mirth.
For whosoe'er may lose, 'tis yours to win;
And, come what may, I hold you free from sin.
Let Nature be your guide in all you do,
Save in the compact between Heaven and you;
For Nature is my voice, and can not err;
So me you worship when you worship her.
And thus—(but the great mass of human things
Are not yet fit to soar on Nature's wings)—
In love, strife, vengeance, profit, trade, and so,
Nature will guide you as 'tis best to go.
But here we part until your work is o'er,
And, if 'tis badly done, for evermore."

And the lightning and the thunder were renewed; and we were all wondering at the import of the words we had heard; when the floor opened beneath us, and we were precipitated into the depth below.

THIRD DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

On recovering from our astonishment, we perceived that we were in a handsome and ample bath of tepid water, sunk in the floor of a large, well-lighted apartment, nearly the whole of which it occupied. Our dress being loose and of linen, we suffered but little inconvenience from the water; but otherwise our situation was sufficiently awkward, not to say indelicate. We had no time to lose in such conventional reflections, however; for before we had well resumed our presence of mind, incident on such an unexpected immersion, our guide—who, by the way, had all the time hovered over us in a moving cloud, attired as a winged angel—cried aloud:—

"Children of the promise: you are now in the *Waters of Oblivion*, which shall wash your souls as white as snow, and leave no trace of sin behind. Now you are on the threshold of your reward; for your souls being purified, and—so long as you dwell in the shadow of the church—impervious to crime, those things which are considered sinful in others shall not be sinful in you. But behold you are all clean, for the waters are departing!"

And such was the fact; and in a few minutes there was scarcely a drop in the basin. And then, on a signal, we all left it, and were baptized with new Scripture names (mine was Jacob), and were furnished with peculiar dresses of various fashions; but loose trousers formed a portion of each, and were supplied to the males and females indifferently. And then, when we were all equipped, the apartment was filled with a rich soft light, almost as bright as day; and our senses were ravished by a delicious odor; and finally, six priests in sacerdotal robes entered, and, pouring oil upon our heads, anointed and ordained us *kings* and *queens* in time and in eternity! And when this ceremony was finished, a mighty angel, who ascended through the floor of the bath in a chariot of clouds, spoke as follows:—

"Mormons, by the will of Heaven,
All your sins are now forgiven:
And henceforth you are free to rove
Through all the wiles of wealth and love;
Still taking Nature for your guide
In choice of bridegroom or of bride,
In unions which shall last a day,
Or till Love tires and flies away;
Still walking in her footsteps bold,
When you would have what men would hold,
For Satan's chains you've left behind you,
And human laws no more can bind you;
And whatsoe'er you win on earth
(In love or wealth, revenge or mirth),
From now henceforward till you die,
Shall still be yours beyond the sky;
And you can sin no more till death,
Unless against the Mormon faith!"

And when the angel had ceased speaking, there was a crash of brazen trumpets, followed by a seraphic melody. And then there were several minutes of profound stillness and darkness. And so ended the *third degree*.

FOURTH DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

I was now—by an arrangement—alone, and found myself in a small, dimly-lighted place like a cave, upon a bank of earth; and then certain mummeries were performed upon me by a shadowy-looking being, which were designed to represent the first creation of man. And, having paw-

THE HOLY DIVORCE.

pawed me over for several seconds, this person said: "Lo! I have made you in my own image, and now I will tell you a mystery. One of thy ribs have I taken to make unto thee a wife in the flesh: *but thou art also permitted to have as many wives in the spirit as thou hast ribs remaining; for the people of thy kingdom in the world to come, must be of thy own posterity: so that according to their number shall be thy greatness.* And this, thou wilt readily perceive, is the evident solution of the mystery involved in the formation of the first among women; but still I have hidden it from the world for six thousand years, to reveal it unto the Mormon church, which is alone the true one. But go thy ways; for she who was thy rib awaits thee, and has matter to communicate which it imports thee to learn."

And on withdrawing a curtain at the entrance of the cave, I recognised my wife outside, seated on a stone; and she appeared to be buried in reflection, and that, too, not without good reason, as became manifest with the secret which she then imparted, and which was to this effect: A person who, in another cave, had just assumed to have made her out of a rib, had informed her of the male privilege of having wives and ribs of equal number, which she thought unfair, a corresponding liberality not being permitted to the other sex; but, as an offset, he told her that she was now divorced, and might either remain with me, or marry whom she would, as the females, in consideration of not being allowed a plurality of husbands, were endowed with the power of choosing their partners. "And this," added my wife very coolly, "has set me a thinking that there are perhaps other men in Nauvoo whom I would prefer to yourself."—"I trust not," thought I, for she was both young and handsome. "But" (being then a faithful Mormon, and not much averse to the spiritual wife system), I humbly added, "let all things be according to the rules of the church!"

FIFTH DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

But while we were yet speaking, a wall before us separated like a scene in a theatre, and, to our utter astonishment, we beheld a delightful garden of seemingly considerable extent, an effect which was probably produced by the cunning distribution of large mirrors; and here were flowers, and fruit-trees, and verdant banks, and a fountain of living waters; and in the centre of the garden were two trees, much larger than the rest, and both were covered with fruit: and one of them, as we were subsequently told, was the *Tree of Knowledge*, and the other the *Tree of Life*. And in the twilight sky (for the scene was partially darkened to heighten the effect) were hosts of angels, soaring about among clouds with golden fringes, and playing upon various instruments. And, altogether, this garden appeared to be a region of perfect enchantment.

The reader need scarcely be informed that the above was the garden of Eden. It differed, however, from the original one, in this, that there were now some twenty pairs of Adams and Eves in it, including myself and wife. And, indelicate as it may sound to ears polite, we were all within a point of being in a state of nudity: which, however, was partially atoned for by the faintness of the light and the shade of the trees. And now we wandered here and there through intricate paths, plucking and eating pleasant fruits, but avoiding those that were forbidden (a mummery to which effect was enacted by a colossal figure representing the Almighty): and I was anticipating the progress of the drama, when a huge serpent, as life-like as life itself, enfolded the Tree of Knowledge; and then was performed a burlesque of the "Temptation;" and all the women, as instructed, accepted of the fruit, which the men partook of; and anon came the confession, and the fig-leaves, and the expulsion; and then thunder and lightning, and an

earthquake, and a volcano: and finally the cherubs sentinelled the walls, and several flaming swords waved ceaselessly around the Tree of Life.

And now an epoch was supposed to have passed, when a person representing Moses endeavored to obtain an apple from the guarded tree, but was baffled in his attempt by the flaming swords. And then came in succession Zoroaster, and Wodin, and Mahomet, with the same result. And after this, Lucifer perched himself upon the topmost branch, like a king upon a throne. And then (several thousand years being supposed to have elapsed since the expulsion) a crowd of persons, who announced themselves as catholics, protestants, methodists, baptists, quakers, shakers, Socinians, Armenians, presbyterians, and so forth, rushed into the garden, and vociferously demanded the fruit. But the swords were too many for all their efforts: and still, as they made them, with the most ludicrous grimaces and contortions of body, each violently abused all the others, and insisted that no one had the slightest chance of a single apple but himself, who was destined to inherit the whole tree. And all this while, the devil kept addressing them thus wise:—

"That's it, my worthy friends—fight it out. Well done, quakers! well done, shakers! Blaze away, protestants, catholics, and all! A lusty set of fellows you are, no doubt; and by the grace of your creeds, hell will never be empty! Recommend me to such saints when I'm in want of sinners! And whenever there's a dearth of lies in the market, only inoculate me with one of your books, and I'll put truth to the blush for a month of Sundays! You are the boys, good people, to keep up the value of brimstone, and to save us devils from overworking ourselves in the way of temptation; for you damn people so fast that you leave us nothing to do but to make additions to hell and heat the ovens! Howl away! fight away! You are all right, every one of you, and at no time put me to the blush by your awkwardness; for as lies are your loaves and fishes, you never, according to the proverb, 'tell truth and shame the devil.'"

And his Satanic majesty concluded his harangue with a hearty laugh, and was at the commencement of another jocular address, when the sky opened and an angel descended with a book in his right-hand, which checked his mirth; for when Lucifer beheld the book he trembled and fell prostrate on the earth, exclaiming: "My reign is over!" And then the sectarianists vanished. And the flaming swords ceased waving around the Tree of Life, and the angel gathered the fruit: whereon we (the "Latter-day Saints") entered the garden and ate thereof, having ascertained beforehand that the conquering angel was Joseph Smith; and the book by means of which he had performed such a miracle, the Mormon Bible.

SIXTH DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.

Everything in the temple seemed to work by machinery. As we sat in a circle eating the fruit, the light died out, and, by a sudden inclination of the floor, we were slid gently, but irresistibly, into an apartment beneath. This was a gray gloomy place, devoid of furniture, and with an earthy smell. For a time we thought it was unoccupied except by ourselves; but in a few minutes, when our eyes had accommodated themselves to pierce its dusky limits, we perceived a number of human skeletons hanging in chains; and anon we heard the rattling of their bones, for, as we gazed on them in horror, they commenced a ghastly dance of death. And yet further to increase our dismay, a sudden opening in a distant wall disclosed a lake of liquid fire surrounded by an iron grating; and therein were a number of persons, each chained to a separate rock, and apparently in an extremity of torture. And by-and-by there was a rushing sound, succeeded by a hollow voice, which spoke in a threatening tone as follows:—

"Mormons, though you have eaten of the bread of life, you are still liable not only to the natural but to an eternal death. But such can only befall you through faithlessness to your oath of initiation; for otherwise you are superior to all mortal sin! Betray that oath, and you hang for all time and burn for all eternity: for in such case, no power can shield you from the vengeance of the brotherhood and the punishment of hell! *But honor it to the end, and no crimes which you may commit can deprive you of an everlasting reward in heaven!* Look on those skeletons! they are the bones of faithless Mormons. Behold those captives in that burning lake! They are their tortured souls. And assuredly such shall be your reward, if such shall be your provocation! But be faithful and fear not! Be true to Mormonism, and no species of falsehood can affect you! Against a Mormon must you never fight! Against a Mormon must you never swear! Your words must comfort them! Your money must succor them! As judges, you must deliver them! as jurymen, acquit them! As brothers and sisters, live and die for them! You must exalt them into all offices which they covet! You must abandon clan and kin and country for their sake! And, in fine, you must make Mormonism, and everything that affects its interests, the great aim and object of your life. And now go forth upon your mission, and be this your motto:—

"*An oath I have given,*
Let me honor it well;
For to KEEP *it is heaven,*
And to BREAK *it is hell!*"

And with the last word vanished the skeletons and the burning lake; and, by some species of claptrap, we were passed into another apartment, where the sexes were separated—the women being withdrawn, and the men placed standing in a row. But by-and-by the females returned, each covered with a thick veil, through which it was impossible to distinguish their features; *and, one by one, they chose us for husbands, until every woman was mated*—for, according to an imperative regulation, we were precisely of equal number. And then there was a grand chorus by invisible vocalists; and presently, a curtain being withdrawn, a high-priest appeared at an altar, and solemnized our nuptials in these words:—

"By the rib from Adam taken:
By the Mormon faith unshaken:
Sister fair, with valiant brother,
Here I wed you to each other,
Together to abide for ever,
Unless you choose yourselves to sever!
All previous bonds were broken duly:
Now alone you're wedded truly—
Whether in the same connexion,
Or to a present first affection.
Now, wife, throw off the screen that hides you!
Now, husband, take what Heaven provides you!"

And on the last word, off went the veils, when it was perceived that the majority of the husbands had their former wives, but many of them had new ones; and, for one, I was in the latter category, having been chosen "for better for worse" by a rather good-looking lady, who was quite a stranger to me, and whose former husband was now in the hands of some other changeling. Being prepared for something of this sort, we all took the matter philosophically enough; but I must confess that I felt some jealous throbs, as, on looking round for my late wife, I perceived her leaning her chin very lovingly on the shoulder of a tall Mormon, who appeared to

be highly pleased with his bargain. However, in addition to the consolation just referred to, a year of semi-citizenship in Nauvoo had made such things seem easy to me, and accordingly my pulse soon resumed its accustomed action; and then, having informed myself of the name of my new wife, I gallantly thanked her for her unaccountable demonstration in my favor.

SEVENTH DEGREE OF THE TEMPLE.*

An hour of inaction (perhaps with no good end in view), in a darkened room well furnished with couches, succeeded our nuptials; and this was followed by a grand chorus of many voices, in some other place, singing the subjoined stanzas to a martial and exciting air:—

"You have left a world behind you,
Full of sorrow, pangs, and lies,
With the heirs of heaven to bind you:
Enter, enter, Mormons wise!

"Bravely with the fiends you've striven,
And the serpent strong and old
To his den of darkness driven:
Enter, enter, Mormons bold!

"At the oath you never trembled,
Nor cast one doubtful glance askew,
To show you then a whit dissembled:
Enter, enter, Mormons true!

"So nothing henceforth need alarm you,
If to your faith you stand the test;
For sin no more has power to harm you:
Enter, enter, Mormons blest!"

As yet, however, we saw no place to enter; but on the conclusion of the song, a pair of immense sliding doors were thrown apart, and we were led, two by two, into a gorgeous saloon of great extent, and furnished in a style of grandeur that rivalled the claims of oriental magnificence. The whole place glowed and glittered again with gold, and silver, and chandeliers, and mirrors; and the drapery and hangings, which abounded, were of purple velvet lined with white satin; and the walls were hung with costly pictures illustrating the rise and progress of Mormonism; and the carpet was as beautiful as a prairie in full blossom; and the lofty vault was painted to represent a summer heaven, arrayed in many-colored clouds, and with a sun, which scarcely seemed a counterfeit, in the centre; and the walls were lined with soft voluptuous couches; and at one extremity of the saloon there was a magnificent throne (seated on which was the arch prophet) of gold and scarlet, supported on the backs of four winged lions; while at the other was spread a delicious banquet: and there was a perfume in the atmosphere as sweet as the exhalations from a bank of cowslips; and ever and anon there were strains of rapturous melody, which appeared sufficiently divine to have proceeded from angels' harps: and, in fine, the whole scene and all its circumstances were beautiful and exciting in the extreme, and have left a vivid picture upon my memory, an effect or color from which the hand of time can never efface.

And this saloon was crowded with a gay and sparkling company, whom the uninitiated would have never supposed to be the grave and cynical

* This degree may be participated in at all times, by all Mormons who have been initiated into the other six.

THE SPIRITUAL WIFE.

Mormons, as seen in their matter-of-fact, every-day life. Their dresses, it is true, were peculiar, and made for such occasions, being of the loose Turkish fashion; but then they were highly becoming, and well calculated to enhance the beauty and inflame the passions, for which they were doubtlessly intended. And by the way, myself and the party with which I was admitted had been furnished with the same order of costume, and were now fully equipped. And on the whole the women were handsome, and the men more than passable; but there appeared to be no moral beauty in either: and how could such a thing be expected, when we consider that all those persons were accepted saints and chosen pillars of the church, and that immorality is the corner-stone of the Mormon faith. The freedom of their conduct, however, even exceeded the bounds which the warmest imagination might ascribe to it, and exhibited the *spiritual wife system* in a light altogether too glaring for exposure to the public eye. Suffice it to say, that they indulged in the license afforded them by their matrimonial laws up to its extremest extent, and even above it: an illustration of which was furnished by Joe Smith, who is reputed to have had upward of *sixty* wives—spiritual and otherwise—instead of limiting himself to one for each of his ribs! And the females, too, changed the law on this subject a little in their own favor; for, in defiance of its provision, they all, or nearly all, had spiritual husbands, and evinced no backwardness or caution in giving them the preference over their husbands proper. And thus the entire Mormon population—or at least that portion of it which had taken the *seven degrees*—was so mixed up in matrimonial cross-quarterings, that there was probably not a man or woman among them who knew precisely in what degree of relationship he or she stood to all the others.

But here I must pause; for I find that I can not write on so dangerous a subject without running the risk of giving offence. In fact, I dare not describe a tithe of the mysteries of the *seventh degree*. And therefore I will merely add, that among those who partook of them on the night in question, there was an abandonment of reserve and propriety, and a feasting, and a carousing, and a freedom of speech, that (as occurring among the two sexes) was probably never paralleled out of the great Mormon Temple.

An Account of the Sad Destiny of MADAM TIQUET, *who was beheaded for hiring a Man to assassinate her Husband*

THIS lady was the daughter of Monsieur Carlier, a bookseller at Metz, who was so fortunate in trade that he left behind him a million of French livres, or fifty thousand pounds. She was born in the year 1657, and lost her father when she was but fifteen years old, having none to share with her this great fortune, except a younger brother. Her person was in every respect lovely: she had a fine face, attractive eyes, a majestic look, fine air, tall in stature, and exactly shaped. Her natural qualifications were shining, and they had received all the embellishments which could be derived from education. Thus accomplished, her only fault seemed to be a haughtiness in behavior, and an arrogance in words, which did not become her birth.

Among her numerous admirers was M. Tiquet, counsellor of parliament. He might, in all probability, have sighed with a train of hopeless lovers, if he had not made use of art in love, as well as in law: he practised on an aunt, who had great ascendency over his fair mistress; and, by a present of four thousand livres, so effectually persuaded her of his passion, that she was continually speaking to her niece in his praise. Having observed in

the young lady herself an extravagant fondness for magnificence and expense, he one day took an opportunity of presenting her with a fine nosegay of flowers, intermixed with diamonds to the value of fifteen thousand livres. These dazzled her eyes and wounded her heart: that is to say, they induced her to prefer M. Tiquet to the rest of her lovers, because she looked on him to be the most rich and generous of them all.

The aunt improved the kind sentiments she entertained for this gentleman; while he, on the other hand, never examined the temper or qualities of his mistress, but, believing all things about her were as fair as her person, resolved at all events to marry her, if he could gain her consent. Assiduities like his are seldom continued long, without producing their effect; the lady was not more inexorable than the rest of her sex: her aunt's lectures, and M. Tiquet's presents, at length subdued her heart—or, to speak more properly, procured her hand, which, with great seeming tenderness, she gave to M. Tiquet.

The first months of their marriage were full of smiles, and overflowed with joys; the lady was delighted with her new husband; M. Tiquet spoke in raptures of his wife; and, to crown all, she brought him at one birth a son and a daughter, to be the pledges of their love.

But this marriage, concluded without consideration, little answered the expectations of either of the parties. Madam Tiquet thought of nothing but her husband's riches, and how she might waste them in subserviency to her pleasures. The counsellor was so taken up with the beauty and fortune of his wife, that he made no question of her virtue, which, to his cost, he found afterward was a point he ought to have considered. The lover thought his mistress rich; thus far he was right. His mistress thought the same of him; in this she was wrong. Here lay the source of their misfortunes.

The happy days over, the excessive expenses of Madam Tiquet obliged her husband to endeavor to set some bounds to them, though against his will. The Sieur Montgeorge, captain in the guards, a person who had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, so dazzled the eyes of madam, that her husband appeared odious; and she and this officer quickly indulged themselves in the criminal passion they had for each other. The jealousy of the husband, excited by these proceedings, increased in Madam Tiquet the aversion she had conceived for her spouse. A husband who crosses a wife's inclination, and a lover who endeavors only to gratify, must each of them make a great progress in the heart of a woman—the first in improving her aversion, the other in increasing her affection; and each contributes to the other's purpose, without intending anything more than to go on in his own road. In the midst of all these disorders, madam knew how to preserve appearances, and to behave herself in such a manner, that she was well received in the best companies, where she expressed herself in conversation in so lively, and at the same time in so elevated a manner, that no one had the least idea of her foibles.

M. Tiquet was over head and ears in debt, and his debts were increased by the expenses he had incurred by his marriage. He was now exposed to the pursuit of his creditors, who, as is usual in such cases, were for being paid all at once. This circumstance, added to his constantly watching his wife's steps in order to interrupt her pleasures, raised her hatred to such a pitch, that it turned at last to fury, and she resolved to have him assassinated. She had some knowledge of a vile character, Augustus Cattelain, who used to attend strangers while they stopped at Paris. To this man she gave a considerable sum of money, and promised him more, in case he would take upon him to be the minister of her vengeance. She gained her husband's porter by the same means. They took their measures wrong, and missed striking the blow aimed at M. Tiquet, as he came home one

evening, notwithstanding they had drawn in several persons to waylay him.

Madam Tiquet still persisted; she gave the porter and Cattèlain a further sum of money, to bury in oblivion the past; giving them to understand, in the meantime, that it might cost them their lives if they spoke of it. M. Tiquet, who suspected that his porter favored his wife's commerce with the Sieur Montgeorge, discharged him, and took care of the key himself. He kept his door always shut till night, and no one could get in without speaking to him. When he went out in the evening he carried it in his pocket, and when he went to bed he put it under his pillow. Monsieur and Madam Tiquet had by this time separate beds and separate apartments, so that they never saw each other but at table.

For three years together they lived in this manner, preserving constantly a sullen silence; their behavior, however, being of such a nature, that these mute senses sometimes conveyed as strong ideas as if there had been a great deal of noise between them. In this space, she gave directions to a valet-de-chambre of her husband's to carry him a porringer of broth, which was poisoned. The fellow, suspecting something, made a false step and threw it down. He afterward desired leave to quit his service, and as soon as he left the house, he made no secret of the iniquitous affair he had discovered. This irritated the lady so much that she determined with herself to find out a short remedy, by recurring to her first project. She opened her scheme on this head to her porter, and directed him to find persons who could execute it.

It happened that M. Tiquet went to pay a visit to a neighbor of his, one Madam de Villemur, and stayed there pretty late. His servants sitting up for him, heard several pistol-shots in the street before the door; upon which, running out in a hurry, they found their master assassinated, and weltering in his blood. When they came to his assistance, he desired that they would carry him back to Madam de Villemur's, which was done; his domestics then went to acquaint their lady. She, pretending great surprise, went immediately to the house where he was, to inquire how he did; but that was all she could do, for he having earnestly desired that she might not enter the room where he was, she was constrained to go back without seeing him, at which she affected some concern. He had received three wounds, but none of them were mortal.

The commissary of that quarter of the town came to see and to examine M. Tiquet, as soon as his wounds were dressed. The first question he asked him was, "What enemies have you?" The poor gentleman answered, "I know of none except my wife." This answer confirmed the suspicions of the world, which, as soon as the affair was known, fell immediately upon her. She did not, however, betray the least signs of guilt; but manifested a constancy scarce to be accounted for. She went next day to the Countess D'Aunoy, where, though all the company observed her, she not only appeared serene, but exercised her wit as much as usual. The countess, wishing to put her to the test, asked her at last if M. Tiquet had not some suspicion of the person who caused him to be assassinated? Madam Tiquet answered, "Alas! he is so unjust as to lay it upon me!" The Countess Aunoy replied, that the best thing which could be done would be to secure the porter whom he had lately turned away. The conversation lasted on this subject for half an hour; and though all eyes were upon this unhappy woman, she neither by looks nor by words betrayed any confusion, but rather seemed inspired by that resolution which is the effect of innocence. She went home, and appeared there as composed as ever, notwithstanding that she was advised to retire, and seek out some place of safety.

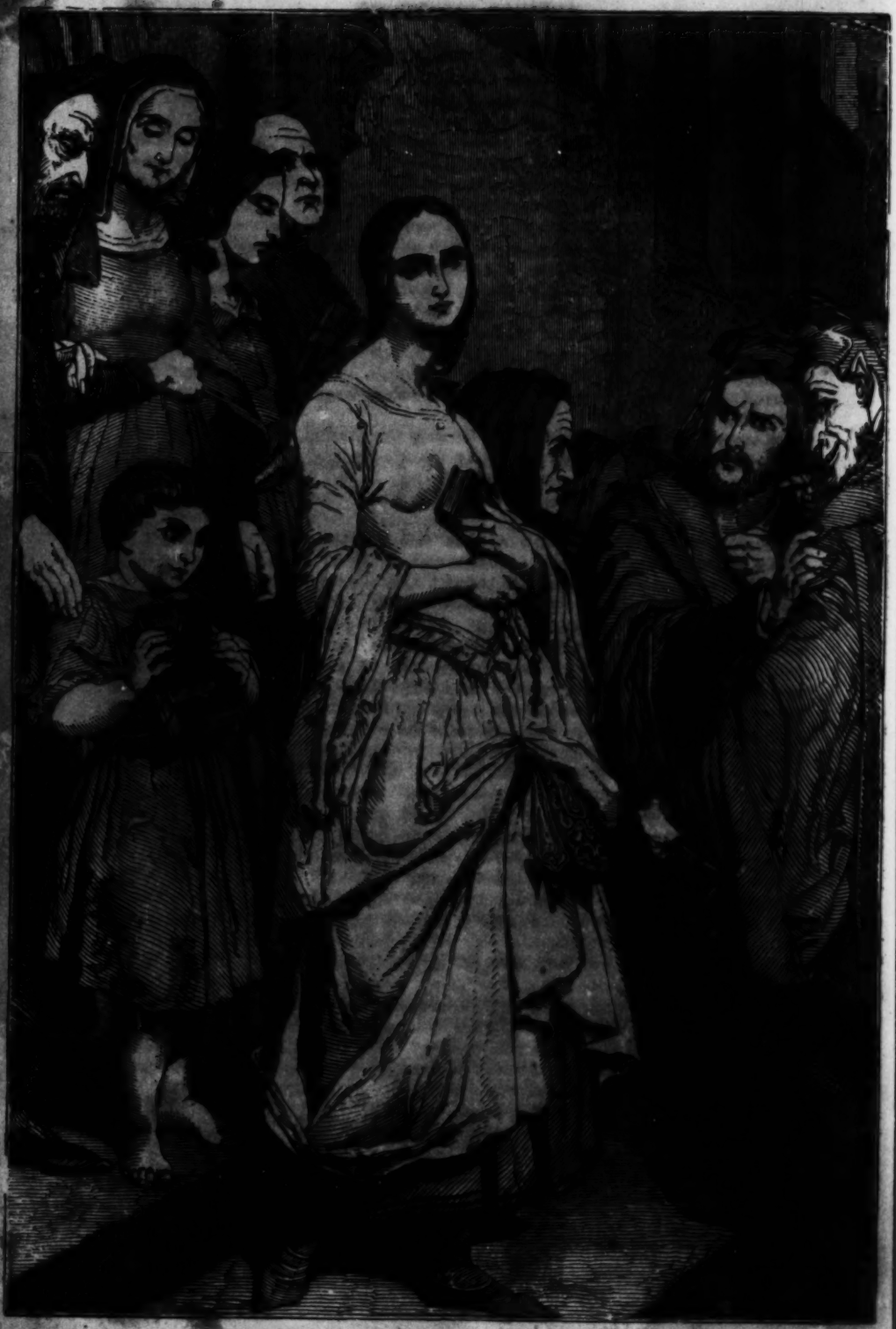
These hints were repeated to her from time to time, to the eighth day, when a Theatine came hastily into her chamber, and addressed her thus:

"Madam, there is no time to be lost; in a few moments you will be apprehended: I have brought you one of the habits of my order; slip it on; get down stairs; there is a sedan waits, which will carry you to a place where there is a post-chaise, in which you may go immediately to Calais, and thence to England, till we see what turn things will take." "Such measures," replied Madam Tiquet, "are proper for the guilty; innocence is everywhere secure; these reports are spread by my husband, to prejudice me in the eyes of the world, and to intimidate me so far as to leave my country, that he may get my fortune into his hands: but his skill shall fail him; I am not frightened; I will fall into the hands of the law, for I doubt not but the law will do me justice." She then thanked the Theatine for his civility and kindness, and waited with much seeming tranquillity the issue of the business. She flattered herself she had taken such precautions, that no proof could possibly appear of her having procured ihe assassination of her husband; and, full of these hopes, she supported her spirits, and acted the heroine to the highest degree of perfection.

The next day Madam de Sinonville came to see her, and when she would have gone away, Madam Tiquet detained her—"for," said she, "I shall presently be arrested by the officers of justice, and I would not have them find me alone." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the Sieur Deffita, lieutenant-criminel, entered the room. Madam Tiquet arose, and paid him her compliments with great gravity: "You needed not, sir," said she, "have brought this mighty escort: I never had any intention to fly; and if you had come alone, I should have gone with you wherever you were pleased to carry me." She then desired him to put his seal upon her effects, that her fortune might suffer as little as possible. She next took pains to quiet her son, a boy of eight or nine years old, of whom she was very fond. She gave him money to divert himself with, and, to silence his fears, put on a pleasantness in her looks which surprised all that were near her.

After taking her leave of Madam de Sinonville, she went down stairs with the lieutenant-criminel, and leaped with much alacrity into the coach. As they passed through the street, she saw a lady of her acquaintance, whom she saluted with her usual politeness and affability. She looked sometimes on the guards who accompanied her, but without emotion, and seemed as easy as if she had been going to pay a visit. On coming, however, to the chatelet, she changed color; but she presently recovered it, and appeared as serene as ever. Augustus Cattelain put himself into the hands of justice, making an open confession, that, three years before, Madam Tiquet had engaged him in a conspiracy to murder her husband, in which also her porter was concerned. It was upon this that she was apprehended; for as to the last assassination, there was no proof against her. Her crime, therefore, was not the actual causing her husband to be assassinated, but for having been concerned in a conspiracy for that purpose, which had not, however, taken effect. For this offence she incurred a capital punishment, and the judges of the chatelet, on the 3d of June, 1699, passed sentence upon her and upon the porter, by which she was adjudged to have her head cut off, and he to be hanged. This was afterward confirmed by an arret of parliament. Augustus Cattelain, notwithstanding his being an evidence, was condemned to the galleys for life—a just sentence upon so notorious a villain, who questionless made this discovery, not from any principle of justice, but with hopes of saving himself from that violent death which his crimes had long before deserved.

M. Tiquet, being cured of his wounds, went to Versailles, accompanied by his two children, and threw himself at the feet of the king. "Sire," said he, "I implore your mercy for Madam Tiquet. Be not more severe than God himself, who doubtless has pardoned her on her repentance. Has



MADAME TIQUET GOING OUT TO EXECUTION.

your justice been more offended than I? Yet I freely forgive her; and my children lift for their mother their pure and innocent hands to your majesty. The crime she intended has been expiated by the terrors and afflictions she has felt in the deplorable condition she is now in, ready to fall a sacrifice to justice: as her crime, then, is done away, do not, sire, inflict death for repentance." The king, however, was inexorable; nevertheless, he granted to M. Tiquet all the effects of his wife, which would otherwise have fallen to the crown, that his own and his children's circumstances might be made more easy. The brother of this unhappy woman, who was a captain in the guards, as well as the Sieur Montgeorge, used all their interest to save her. At last his majesty yielded; but the archbishop of Paris, the famous cardinal de Noailles, interposed, and told him that if such a crime escaped with impunity it would become frequent; that the security of married men's lives depended on the death of Madam Tiquet; since the grand penitentiary's ears were already stunned with the confessions of women, who charged themselves with having attempted their husbands' lives. This remonstrance determined the king, who declared that Madam Tiquet should be made an example.

When she was brought before the lieutenant-criminel, he ordered her sentence to be read, looking all the while steadfastly upon her, that he might perceive what effects it produced. Madam Tiquet heard it without the least emotion or change of color. The lieutenant-criminel exhorted her to confess her crime, and name her accomplices, that she might escape the torture. She refused at first; but, after they had given her the first pot of water, she reflected that her constancy would be of no use, and therefore she acknowledged all. They asked her if the Sieur de Montgeorge had any knowledge of this affair: upon which she cried out, "Alas! if I had communicated the least tittle of it to him, I should have lost his esteem beyond retrieving." The parson of St. Sulpice was then admitted to her. She heard with great docility all his instructions. She over and over entreated him to beg pardon of her husband, and assure him, that in death she had for him all that tenderness which had made the first year of their marriage so delightful. There was perhaps never seen in Paris so great a crowd, as in the streets through which Madam Tiquet passed to Le Greve. She went in a coach, and the curate of St. Sulpice with her; the porter was there before her, and had with him a confessor. At the sight of this amazing multitude, her spirits began to sink; the clergyman who was with her endeavored to console her. Revived and encouraged by his words, she lifted up her hood, and looked upon the spectators with an air at once modest and resolved. She then had an affecting conversation with her porter, who humbly besought her pardon for any share he might have in her death. She told him that he had no reason to ask her pardon, since it was she only that was culpable toward him.

When Madam Tiquet was brought to the place where she was to suffer, there fell so great a rain, that they were obliged to defer the execution till it was over. She had, during this space, all the apparatus of her punishment in view, and at the same time a mourning coach with six horses, covered with black cloth, which was to carry away her body. When she saw the porter executed, she lamented his destiny so much that she seemed to forget her own. When she was directed to mount the scaffold, she gave her hand to the executioner, that he might help her. When she was on the scaffold, she kissed all the instruments of death, and did everything with an air as if she had studied her part. She accommodated her hair and her head-dress in a moment, and was instantly on her knees in a posture ready to suffer; but the executioner was so agitated, that he could hardly perform his office: he missed his blow thrice; and when her head fell from her body, all the spectators set up a loud cry. Though Madam Tiquet was

forty-two years old when she suffered, her beauty was not in the least decayed; and, as she died in full health and vigor, her face retained an agreeable air even after her head was struck off.

The Sieur de Montgeorge was at this time at Versailles, where he amused himself by taking long walks in the park. In the evening of that day, when he appeared at court, the king told him that he was extremely pleased that Madam Tiquet had, in her last moments, justified him to the public. As for himself, his majesty said, he had never entertained the least suspicion of him. The Sieur de Montgeorge bowed, thanked the king, and entreated the royal permission to travel for eight months out of the kingdom, that he might be released from those disagreeable objects which every day struck his sight and renewed his sorrows. The king yielded to his entreaties. Now she was no more, all the world deplored the hapless fate of so accomplished a lady as Madam Tiquet.

Some Interesting Incidents in the Life of Renee Corbeau, *a Beautiful French Girl.*

In the year 1594, a young gentleman, whose family dwelt in the town of Sues, in Normandy, came to the university of Angiers in order to study the law. There he saw Renee Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that place. This amiable girl was young, prudent, handsome, and witty. Though her parents were not rich, yet she inspired in the heart of the young student a passion so vehement, that he was unable to enjoy a moment's easiness when she was out of his sight. He found means to introduce himself into her company, and love inspired him with such eloquence, that, in a very short time, he was no less agreeable to her than she to him; and their attachment became so fervent, that in his transports he offered to espouse her, and gave her a solemn promise in writing. The young woman, urged on by the violence of her passion, and agreeably deluded by his putting this paper into her hands, forgot all her prudence, and granted him all he desired. The consequence of this fair one's tenderness was her being with child. This constrained her to acquaint her mother with what had happened, who told it, with all the circumstances of mitigation she could devise, to her husband. The young woman was then sent for into their presence, and, after her parents had reproached her in severe terms, they began to consult about the means by which her error might be repaired. The result of their deliberations was, that she should make her lover an appointment at their country-house, and thus give her parents an opportunity of surprising them together.

This scheme was effectually carried into execution; and while love alone possessed the heart of the young inamorato, fear entered on a sudden, and became the stronger passion of the two. The sight of a father and mother, enraged at the injury done to their daughter, banished for a time the idea of his charming mistress from his heart. He thought of nothing but how to pacify them; and, in order to this, he assured them that his attention was always honorable, though he might have made use of some indirect means. The father and mother of his mistress then began to put on an air of satisfaction; but at the same time told him, that in order to evince the truth of what he had said, it was proper that he should give their daughter a contract of marriage. Knowing no other way to escape, he yielded, with a seeming readiness; and a notary public being brought to the house, the

business was immediately despatched, and the young man bound to marry the lady, however his sentiments might alter afterward.

The moment he had put his hand to this instrument, it filled him with disgust. Those charms, which had pierced his heart a few hours before, now lost their force, and the fair one, from being the most lovely of her sex, now appeared the least agreeable. After a few days he left her abruptly, and returned home to his father, to whom, without the least reserve, he related the whole series of his adventures, and the unlucky event by which they were closed. The father was a man in good circumstances, who valued riches much more than the finest qualities of the mind: he was, therefore, extremely chagrined at this story of his son, and absolutely disapproved of the match he had made. But how to avoid it was the difficulty. The old gentleman at last told his son there was but one way left, and that, if he would regain his favor, he must follow it immediately. The young gentleman was all obedience, and, in pursuance of his father's directions, he entered into holy orders, and was actually ordained a priest; so that now it was impossible for him to perform his contract.

Renee Corbeau heard this news with the utmost grief, nor was it possible for her to dissemble the anger she had conceived against her lover, for committing so black an act of perfidy. It is very likely, however, that her wrath would have vented itself in complaints, and all her threatenings evaporate in words; but her father, being as much provoked, and having less tenderness, immediately accused the young man before the magistrate for a rape of seduction, and on hearing the cause he was found guilty. However, he appealed to the parliament of Paris, and the cause was moved to the Tournelle, where Monsieur de Villeroy at that time presided. On the hearing all parties, the behavior of this young gentleman appeared so gross, and capable of so little alleviation, that the court decided that he should either marry the woman or suffer death. The first was impossible, because he had taken orders; the court, therefore, directed that he should be led to execution. Accordingly, he was put into the hands of the executioner, and the confessor drew near, who was to assist him in his last moments. Then it was that Renee Corbeau found her bosom agitated with the most exquisite affliction, which was still heightened when she saw the pomp of justice about to take place, and her lover on the point of being led to the scaffold.

Furious through despair, and guided only by her passion, she rushed with such impetuosity through the crowd, that she got into the inner chamber before the judges were separated; and then, her face bathed in tears and all in disorder, she addressed them in the following terms:—

"Behold, my lords, the most unfortunate lover that ever appeared before the face of justice. In condemning him I love, you seem to suppose that either I am not guilty of anything, or that, at least, my crime is capable of excuse; and yet you adjudge me to death, which must befall me with the same stroke which takes away my lover. You subject me to the most grievous destiny, for the infamy of my lover's death will fall upon me, and I shall go to my grave more dishonored than him. You desire to repair the injury done to my honor, and the remedy you bring will load me with eternal shame; so that at the moment you give your opinion that I am rather unhappy than criminal, you are pleased to punish me with the most severe and most intolerable pains. How agrees your treatment of me with your equity, and with the rules of that humane justice which should direct your court? You can not be ignorant of the hardship I sustain, for you were men before you were judges. You must have been sensible of the power of love, and you can not but have some idea of the torment which must be felt in a breast, where the remembrance dwells of having caused the death, the infamous death, of the dear object of her love. Can there be

a punishment equal to this? or, after it, could death be considered in any other light than as the highest blessing of heaven?

"Stay! oh, stay, my lords! I am going to open your eyes: I am going to acknowledge my fault—to reveal my secret crime—which hitherto I have concealed, that, if possible, the marriage of my lover might have restored my blasted honor. But, urged now by remorse of conscience, I am constrained to confess that I seduced him. Yes, my lords, I loved first! It was I that, to gratify my passion, informed him of my attachment, and thus I made myself the instrument of my own dishonor. Change then, my lords, the sentiments you have hitherto entertained of this affair. Look upon me as the seducer—on my lover as the person injured; punish me—save him. If justice is inexorable, and there is a necessity for some victim, let it be me.

"You look upon it as a crime that he took holy orders, and thereby rendered it impossible for him to comply with his contract. But this was not his own act; it was the act of a barbarous father, whose tyrannous commands he could not resist. A will in subjection, my lords, is no will at all to deserve punishment. The offender must be free; his father could only be guilty; and were he not the father of my love, I would demand justice of you on him. Is it not clear then, my lords, that your last sentence contradicts your first? You decreed that he should have his choice—to marry me, or to die; and yet you never put the first into his power. How odious must I appear in your eyes, when you choose rather to put a man to death than to allow him to marry me! He has declared that his present condition will not allow him to marry; and, in consequence of that declaration, you have condemned him to death. But what signifies that declaration? his meaning was, that he would have married me if he could; and if so, your sentence is unjust; for, by your former decree, he was to have his option. But you will say a priest can't marry. Ah! my lords, love has taught me better. Love brings things instantly to our minds that may be of service to the object of our loves. The pope, my lords, can dispense with his vow: you can not be ignorant of this, and therefore his choice may be yet in his power. We expect every moment the legate of his holiness; he has all the plenitude of power delegated to him which is in the sovereign pontiff. I will solicit him for this dispensation, and my passion tells me that I shall not plead in vain; for what obstacle will it not be able to surmount, when it has overcome that of your decree? Have pity then, my lords!—have pity on two unfortunate lovers; mitigate your sentence, or at least suspend it till I have time to solicit the legate for a dispensation. You look on my lover, 'tis true, as a man guilty of a great crime; but what crime too great to be expiated by the horrors he has already sustained? Has he not felt a thousand times the pains of death since the pronouncing his sentence? Besides, could you enter into my breast, and conceive what torments I have endured, you would think our fault, foul as it is, fully atoned. I see among your lordships some who are young, and some who are advanced in years: the first can not surely have their breasts already steeled against the emotions of a passion natural to their sex; and I may hope the latter have not forgot the tender sentiments of their junior years. From both I have a right to pity; and if the voices for me are few, let the humanity of their sentiments prevail against the number of their opponents. But if all I have said is vain, at least afford me the melancholy pleasure of sharing his punishment, as I shared his crime. In this, my lords, be strictly just; and, as we have lived, let us die together."

This amiable woman was heard with equal silence and compassion; there was not a word lost of her discourse, which she pronounced with a voice so clear, and with a tone so expressive of her affliction, that it struck to the hearts of the judges. Her beauty, her tears, her eloquence, had charms too powerful not to incline the most frozen hearts to think with her.

The judges receded unanimously from their opinions. Monsieur de Villeroy having collected their sentiments, and declared that he agreed with them, proceeded to suspend the last edict, and to allow the criminal six months to apply for a dispensation.

The legate immediately after entered France. It was the great Cardinal de Medicis, afterward Pope, by the name of Clement the Eleventh, though he enjoyed the chair not quite a month. He heard the whole of this affair, and inquired narrowly into all its circumstances; but finding that the criminal took holy orders with a premeditated design to avoid the performance of his contract, he declared that he was unworthy of a dispensation, and that he would not respite such a wretch from the death he deserved.

Renee Corbeau had a passion too strong to be overcome; she threw herself at the feet of the king, Henry the Fourth. He heard her with attention, answered her with tenderness, and, going to the legate in person, requested the dispensation in such terms that it could not be refused. He had the goodness to deliver it to the lady with his own hands; the criminal gladly accepted Renee for his wife; they were publicly married, and lived long together in the happiest union. He always regarded his wife as a kind of divinity, by whose interposition his life and his honor had been saved.

ARNAUD DU TILH, THE WONDERFUL MIMIC

All other mimics sink into insignificance when compared with Arnaud du Tilh. A history of his exploits, as handed down by tradition among his countrymen, would fill a portly volume; but a fair idea of his powers may be derived from the following specimen, which brought his career to a termination, and is all we can find room for.

A man named Martin Guerre, born at Biscay in the sixteenth century, married Bertrand de Rois, a handsome and excellent girl, by whom he had a son named Sanxy, immediately after whose birth, Martin, owing to a dispute with his father-in-law, forsook his family, and remained so long away, without being heard of, that it was generally supposed tha he was dead.

After a lapse of eight years, however, he returned, became reconciled to his wife, who was very fond of him, lived happily with her for three years and a half, and nothing had occurred in all this time to create the slightest suspicion that the Martin who went away and the Martin who came back again, were not one and the same person.

The only difference discernible was that he appeared to have improved with age. He managed the property better than formerly (for the Guerres were in comfortable circumstances); and he had grown more sociable and full of wit; but otherwise there was no change, unless such as might be referred to time; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, including warts, moles, characteristics—in short, including everything—he was unmistakably identical with the man he passed for; and then he was perfect in the knowledge of all the little incidents involved in his connexion with his wife and her family; could discourse with her about their early courtship; tell her fifty things which she herself had almost forgotten, respecting her dress, her friends, the chances and changes that had befallen them, and so forth; and in fact his memory was so clear in the most trifling details of his married history, that, if anything, he seemed to overshoot the mark, in his knowledge of *himself!* Nevertheless, something now occurred which excited the suspicions of an uncle of Bertrand's that he was not the legitimate Martin; and further investigation made this so apparent,

that he was charged with the imposture, and handed over to the authorities for trial.

And now the affair became wonderful in its way beyond all example. He insisted that he was the genuine Martin Guerre; and, in conjunction with nine tenths of his neighbors, laughed at the idea of being supposed to be any one else; he charged his uncle, Peter Guerre, and his wife, with a conspiracy to cheat him out of his property, and was generally credited; and he challenged the most rigid scrutiny into all the minutiæ of his history and person. He submitted to a long and searching examination before the judge, who interrogated him on matters which occurred in Biscay (Martin Guerre's birthplace) from the time of his childhood upward; about his father, mother, brother, sisters, and all his relations; as to the time of his marriage, his father-in-law and mother-in-law, the various dresses he and his wife wore, what his wife said to him on particular occasions, who were present at the nuptials, and when they were put to bed; and a hundred other questions which the occasion suggested; and he not only answered them all in a perfectly satisfactory manner, but, of his own account, went into yet more minute details, touching his courtship, the birth of his son, and various little accidents and events, which were duly corroborated by his wife and scores of witnesses, many of whom had been his companions from early childhood.

And then there were Martin Guerre's brothers and sisters, who swore he was their brother; Martin and several of his wife's relations, who did the same thing; and when his wife was confronted with him, she could not, by herself or counsel, elicit an answer, though he readily answered all questions which were put to him, that cast a doubt upon his identity; and at the end of several days the court was about to dismiss the charge as unfounded, when some persons, who came from a distant village, saw the prisoner, and immediately pronounced him to be one Arnaud du Tilh, a native and formerly a resident of their part of the country.

And hereon many of Martin's old acquaintances began to express themselves that the prisoner was not Martin at all, though as like him as he was like himself; and among them a shoemaker swore positively that they must be two different men, as their feet, of which he had the measure, were not of the same length: and yet further, several witnesses arrived from the place where Du Tilh was born, who identified him as that person; and finally a soldier made his appearance, and testified that he was acquainted with the genuine Martin Guerre, who had been in the army, lost his right leg, and was then living in Flanders. And on all this and other yet more positive evidence, the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be decapitated and quartered.

From this sentence he appealed; and in due time was tried over again, before a full bench of judges, when a hundred and fifty witnesses were called upon the stand, whose evidence was about equally divided, the one half swearing that he was Martin Guerre, and the other that he was Arnaud du Tilh. Consequently the court was fearful of making a decision; and it was suspected all round that the whole affair was a manifestation of witchcraft; and the prisoner was about to receive the benefit of the extreme doubtfulness of his position, by being set at liberty, when, as if he dropped from the clouds, another Martin Guerre, having a wooden leg, according to the soldier's story, appeared upon the stage, and was instantly recognised even by many who had before taken sides with his representative, as being the genuine Martin. But on being confronted with his other self, the latter treated him as an impostor, and in fact, after several volleys of cross-questionings, had the best of the bargain: for the genuine Guerre did not appear to know himself half so well as he was known by his counterfeit. But then the relations and wife of Guerre were not to be deceived, now that he

was before them; for on seeing him they ran and embraced him, and unanimously declared that he was their own Martin; but still without quite convincing the judges, or the great body of the spectators, who stared at the two principal characters in the drama with unmingled astonishment, scarcely knowing "which was which." However, the prisoner at length confessed that he was an impostor, and the court condemned him to the following punishment, which we give in the words in which the sentence was delivered. "It is hereby decreed against Arnaud du Tilh that he shall make the amende honorable in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet being bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; to demand pardon of God, the king, and the justice of the nation; of the said Martin Guerre, and De Rols his wife; and this being done, the said Du Tilh shall be delivered into the hands of the capital executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places in the said town of Artigues, with a rope round his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of the said Martin Guerre, where, on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged and strangled, and afterward his body shall be burnt."

And this sentence was duly executed, and he died a sincere penitent. He stated in his confession that he was determined to commit the crime by the following accident: coming from the camp in Picardy, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relatives, and of everything he had done before he left that country. These new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself, in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected, in the artful manner he did. He owned other crimes which he had committed, and persisted in every point of his confession, when it was read over to him.

Previous to his connexion with Guerre's wife, Arnaud had been a wandering vagabond sort of fellow, given to drinking, stealing, gambling, &c., but subsequently he behaved with much propriety. It was also shown that he was a man of great nerve and unblushing impudence, that he was celebrated as a mimic, was gifted with a most wonderful memory, and had such a control of his voice, that he could imitate that of any other person with the utmost precision. But withal, the imposture we have given in such detail seems unaccountable, and would obtain but little credit were it not so well authenticated. As it is, however, there can be no doubt of its occurrence, for it is matter of legal record, and appears in its place upon the books of the court of Artigues.

TOM HASTY, THE FORTUNATE REPROBATE

> "There is a tide in the affairs of man,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Tom Hasty was born in the south of Ireland, near the town of Fermoy, sometime about the year 1780, and was, by all accounts, one of the greatest reprobates that ever made his appearance in that part of the country.

He began to steal almost as soon as he began to walk. From ten to fifteen he was the terror of hedge-linen and henroosts. No man who carried a silk pocket-handkerchief, or any other trifle easy of access, was safe in his vicinity. And occasionally he ventured as far as sheep-stealing, and was

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even suspected to have had a hand in the abduction of several valuable horses which from time to time disappeared from the neighborhood.

As may well be supposed, he did not commit all these crimes with impunity. While an urchin he had been broomsticked by housewives and bitten by dogs, time and again, during his roost-robbing expeditions. His parents, who were quite respectable people, of the quaker persuasion, flogged him until they were tired, with a view to reclaiming him, and at length turned him out of doors as incorrigible. He served several short periods in bridewells, station-houses, and penitentiaries. He stood in the stocks every once in a while, and twice in the pillory. And at the age of seventeen, he was convicted of a grand larceny, and sentenced to imprisonment for two years in the Cork county jail; but, some way or other, he effected his escape in the third month of his confinement, and returned to his previous mode of life, with as much energy as ever.

He was then a stout, good-looking youth, rather abov the middle height; and strange to say, with a highly-intellectual cast of countenance. It is also a curious fact that, notwithstanding his unbroken career of crime, he had contrived to acquire a fair education, so that he wrote a good hand, was fond of reading, possessed respectable conversational powers, and had more the air of a man of the world, than of a small farmer, to which class he belonged by virtue of his birth. But, apart from his roguish propensities, his most remarkable characteristic was his power of endurance. Nothing hurt him. He alike scorned the efforts of heat and frost. He cared for no better bed than a ditch, with a stone for a pillow. Kicks, buffets, jails, pillories, and the want of regular food, lodging, and other contingencies of civilized life, made no impression on him—or, rather, they left him with muscles of iron and nerves of steel; and, instead of turning him from the evil of his ways, hardened and confirmed him in the pursuit of evil.

And then he was a hard drinker, and fighter, and gambler; and, in short, there seemed to be no virtue in him, but, on the contrary, he was so vicious throughout, and all over, that it was said of him, that if the devil ever made a man, that man was Tom Hasty.

And yet he had brief seasons of reflection, when he would condemn his own conduct, and discourse as though he were a rock of common sense; but those periods were but drops of virtue in the bucket of crime, for right away Tom would be as drunk as a lord, or up to his eyes in the labyrinth of a fresh batch of burglaries.

And in this manner of life he reached his twenty-fourth year, when he was convicted of horse-stealing, and sentenced to transportation to the penal colony of Botany Bay, for ten years. At that time, however, the king wanted soldiers so badly, that it was left optional with the culprit whether he would be transported, or volunteer into one of his majesty's regiments of the line stationed in the East Indies; and as Hasty considered the last to be the least of the two evils, he chose it, and forthwith was entered as a recruit in the fifty-sixth regiment of infantry, which then lay in the isle of France, so famous from its connexion with the story of Paul and Virginia.

Hasty had no sooner joined his regiment, than he recommenced his old career of stealing and drinking, and receiving punishment. He was rarely out of trouble, and was flogged so frequently that the scab would have scarcely hardened over his back from the last flogging, before it was removed again by another three hundred. In a word, he was the worst man in the regiment, and suffered accordingly.

Still he committed no capital offence, which would have justified his sentence to death; and he was the more careful of this, because he was aware that the officers would not have regretted such a circumstance, as they wished to get rid of him. But one night, while breaking out of barracks, his discre-

THE YOUTH OF TOM HASTY.

tion forsook him, and he knocked down the sergeant of the guard, who had attempted to intercept his passage.

He now felt that his course was run, and had no hope beyond a long debauch, before he would be captured and shot. Accordingly, he rushed into the town of Port Louis, and commenced drinking as fast as he could, to make the most of his time, and, long before midnight, was in a state of roaring intoxication.

While he was thus circumstanced, there was an alarm of fire; and soon afterward, owing to a high wind which prevailed at the time, a third of the city was in one vast pile of conflagration. Hasty mingled with the crowd, which rushed toward the theatre of devastation; and the terror and sublimity of the scene partially sobered him, and restored him to the possession of his faculties. The flames had now caught the government-house, and were wrapping it up in all directions. The governor himself, and all his family, with one exception, rushed into the street half naked. The exception was his youngest son, a child of five years, whose screams were heard from an upper window. The governor and his wife were frantic, and would have gone to the rescue of their child, but were withheld by the crowd on the grounds that the attempt would have imposed certain death on them, and that the case of the infant was utterly hopeless. Hasty comprehended all these circumstances in a moment, and he perceived that they opened to him a chance for his life, which, however, involved, in another way, an almost utter certainty of death. "If I rescue the child," he thought, "the governor will save me from being shot; and if I die in the attempt, it will be no more than I will have to do to-morrow or next day in any case." And on the word he dashed into the conflagration, and soon reappeared with the boy safe and sound in his arms, though he himself had suffered considerably from the fire and the falling timbers.

Of course the governor and his family were boundless in their gratitude, and most liberal of their rewards. The soldier then told his story, and was promised a full and unconditional pardon, which was easily effected, the governor himself being the commander of the forces in the isle of France. He would have gone much farther, and obtained a commission for him, were this not forbidden by Hasty's previous character; but his gratitude insisted on a non-commissioned officership of a prominent grade; and forthwith his protégé was forwarded to the rank of "color-sergeant."

And now Hasty's very nature seemed to change. He at once became honest, and sober, and exemplary, in all his conduct; he was regular in his duty, punctual in his promises, perfect in his discipline — in short, from the moment of his promotion, he was in his mode of life, more the reverse of his former self than any other man in the regiment.

Now it happened that in those days but very few Europeans had ventured in to the extensive and wealthy island of Madagascar, which was owing to a dread of the climate, which had thus far proved very fatal to travellers of Caucasian extraction. This being a matter of much regret to both the British and Madagascar governments, they did everything which lay in their power to remove the obstacles, and offered great inducements to immigrants, with, however but very little effect. Men went, it is true, in considerable numbers, but they were scarcely settled in their adopted country, before, through a species of dropsy, they either became victims to its climate, or were compelled to return whence they came. Nevertheless, the English government persisted, and sent instructions to the isle of France, from time to time, offering certain inducements to such soldiers as would volunteer to undertake the enterprise, for it humanely abstained from using any force in the premises. Instructions of this sort having arrived while Hasty was color-sergeant, he volunteered with some thirty others, and started for the Madagascar capital; but all the others either returned, or di-

ed upon the way, so that he alone arrived at the point of destination, a result that was no doubt owing to a peculiar strength of constitution derived from the remarkable hardships and exposures he had undergone from childhood upward. He was received with distinguished honors by the king, and soon afterward, through his talents and enterprise, became the second person in the government of the country, and generalissimo of all the troops; besides which, he received from the British crown, to which he was of invaluable service in the way of commerce, the compensation and distinction of embassador, and the additional rank of lieutenant-general. And it is a fact worthy of record that in less than three years from the time he left it, he returned on a visit to the isle of France, and received higher military honors (owing to his superior military rank) than would have been awarded to the governor himself. What a contrast between his then position and that of a very few years previous, when his bloody back was undergoing the operation of the cat-and-nine-tails at the sergeant's halberts! and to make the contrast the more remarkable, there were hundreds present at his triumphal entry, who had seen him in both conditions.

General Hasty returned to Madagascar, and retained his rank and influence until his death, which occurred in the year 1830; and it is said he died enormously rich, and left a large proportion of his property to his friends in Ireland.

TERRENCE O'SULLIVAN, THE WHISPERER.

Many persons, now-a-days, affect to disbelieve that such a person as Terrence O'Sullivan, the Whisperer, ever existed; and this simply because they can not account for the peculiarity which gave him his reputation. But nevertheless, Terrence existed as surely as Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar, and is equally deserving of the fame he acquired, so far as it goes.

Terrence was born at Kilmallock, in Munster, nearly a hundred years ago, and the forge that he worked at (for he was a farrier) and the tombstone erected to his memory are there until this day; and there also are many persons who remember him well, and who had ocular demonstration twenty times over of his possession of the seemingly miraculous gift which obtained for him the *soubriquet* of the "*Whisperer*."

O'Sullivan was brought up among horses, and hence his choice of his trade; which he subsequently connected with another, that was much more profitable, and in which he had no rival in a direct line.

This latter trade was horse-breaking;—but I am before my story.

One day, as Terrence was working at his forge, a horse was brought to him to be shod; but this horse was so vicious that the farrier could do nothing with him in the old way, and accordingly had to put him in slings. But subsequently the beast revenged himself, for, no sooner was he freed from his bonds, than he rushed at the horseshoer and his journeyman, biting and kicking them; and finally he took sole possession of the forge, and would permit no other living thing to enter.

O'Sullivan and his retainers now endeavored to dislodge him by all the manœuvres made and provided in such cases, but without avail; which was the more provoking, as, in the meantime, the animal, as if in exultation of his strength and triumph, was rearing and dashing madly to and fro, and breaking everything to atoms. At length, however, the master-farrier, making up

his mind for death or victory, rushed into the forge armed with a stout stick, and in a moment afterward the horse had him pinned up in a corner; and all who saw the circumstance naturally thought that poor O'Sullivan was at the last moment of his existence. But suddenly the farrier, who was doubtless in an agony of terror, made an upward motion with both hands, which caused his antagonist to fall back upon his haunches; and then, instead of renewing the attack, he bowed his head in submission, and walking from the building as quiet as a lamb, was never unruly afterward.

The facts above recorded were observed by several, but no person has ever been able to account for them. The superstitious attributed them to the intervention of a supernatural agent, or the possession by the farrier, of a four-leaved shamrock, a rarity in the vegetable kingdom which is supposed to possess peculiar attributes; but the whole occurrence defied all reasonable elucidation, and is still among the mysteries of the past. Doubtless, however, O'Sullivan could have explained it; but he knew better; for in a secret then discovered, he saw foreshadowed his future fame and fortune. At least such was the opinion that subsequently prevailed in the neighborhood; but however this may be, it is certain that from that day forward Terrence O'Sullivan became a far greater horsebreaker than was ever before heard of, or than may again appear upon our planet until the end of time.

He required no preparation — no ring — no rope — nothing in fact of the usual etceteras and ceremonies in the breaking of horses; and in addition, he scarcely required any time; fifteen minutes was his usual allowance, and even this it was thought he took to save appearances, and to seem to earn his money by a certain equivalent of labor, for the impression was that he could accomplish all that was necessary to be done in less than as many seconds.

All that was ever known of his mode of breaking a horse was simply as follows: he and the animal entered the stable, and were locked in for a quarter of an hour, when, on a given signal, the door would be opened, and then would be seen the biped and the quadruped lying together on the most pleasing terms of mutual friendship; and from that time forward, no matter how wild the horse had been before, he required no further breaking.

The great mystery was, what passed between O'Sullivan and the horse during these fifteen minutes; but this has never been unravelled. It is certain, however, that no great force was used, as the ceremony was always conducted without noise; and it is also certain that it never failed of its full and lasting effect. Some people supposed that the farrier extracted a worm from the animal's tongue, or tail, or other parts, as is done with dogs, but as no evidence could be traced of this, the idea was generally discredited. Others again charged the whole affair upon witchcraft. But the farrier himself avowed that he simply *whispered* a few important secrets in the horse's ear, which acted upon its principles of common sense. And this story, for the lack of any knowledge to the contrary, was generally believed; and hence, Terrence O'Sullivan went by the name of "THE WHISPERER."

He charged very high for his labors; and hence they were not so numerous as would otherwise have been the case; but what he did do was thoroughly done, beyond all precedent; for the horses he broke never relapsed; a result which has probably never been effected by any other kind of horse-breaking, but that of the Whisperer. Once a horse—no matter how wild it had previously been—passed through his fifteen minutes' mysterious ordeal, it was subsequently in a manner a lamb for life. Terry was frequently tested in this matter, by owners of unmanageable horses, whose tempers rendered them half useless; and he was never know to fail of a perfect cure.

There are many curious and well-established anecdotes, corroborating

this fact in existence, from which we select the one related by the celebrated Sir Henry Parnell's father (himself also a Sir Henry Parnell), who was a witness of the occurrence, and vouches for it in every particular.

In the regiment of the fourth dragoons there was a horse, which none of the troopers could ride, and which was kept by the officers for diversion. He was nicknamed Belzebub, to designate his evil qualities, and was a noble-looking animal; and so ferocious that he bit at everything that approached him, and had to be spancelled in his stable to prevent him from kicking. Sometimes a rough rider would mount him in the school for a wager, or the amusement of the officers; and then would be seen feats of horsemanship that were never before equalled. Belzebub always commenced his tactics with a roar, which resembled that of a lion more than the neigh of a horse, and then he would spin round and round, in spite of bit and bridoon, gnashing his teeth furiously, and biting at his rider's legs. This failing to dislodge the enemy, he would jam his head between his legs, throw up his heels, and fairly stand on his fore feet; and then, suddenly changing his position, he would rear perpendicularly; and finally, when he became worked up into a paroxysm of rage, it was his ruse to throw himself into a series of short jerks and plunges which no rider could withstand, and no skill or strength prevent; and accordingly when matters were at this pitch, the equestrian used to throw himself among the sawdust and run for his life; for Belzebub always chased the offender on such occasions, and would probably have devoured had he caught him, but for a wire muzzle which prudence took especial care to secure his jaws in.

Sir Henry Parnell having seen Belzebub at one of the trials, suggested to Colonel Pratt, the commander of the regiment, that the "Whisperer" could tame him, which the latter denied, as all other sorts of horsebreaking had been practised on him without the slightest effect. And then there was an argument and a wager; and finally O'Sullivan was sent for, and locked up with Belzebub in his stable, for the usual fifteen minutes; at the expiration of which he led forth the horse perfectly broken, and from that day forward he was one of the gentlest animals in the regiment.

Whatever the Whisperer's secret might have been, we regret to say that it died with him. It was said that he revealed it to his son James; but if so, it was thrown away, as the latter made no use of it. O'Sullivan lived to a good old age, and broke horses to the last, by which he realized a handsome property, now in the hands of his grandchildren, who reside in the neighborhood of Kilmallock, and who are not a little vain of their descent from so distinguished a personage as "TERRY THE WHISPERER."

MATTHIAS, THE PRETENDED PROPHET:

With a full Account of his Atrocious Impositions, and of the Degrading Delusions of his Followers.

ROBERT MATTHEWS was born in 1788, of poor but honest parents, in Washington county, in the state of New York. He had several brothers and sisters with whom he was educated at the school of his native village. These all seem to have pursued the even tenor of their way undistinguished by any supernatural pretension or remarkable attributes of natural character. But Robert discovered even at an early age the incipient germs of those singular traits of mind by which he was afterward distinguished, and which will render his name scarcely less immortal in the annals of infamy, than is that of the place of his birth in those of patriotism and honor.

In a conversation with the writer of these memoirs, he stated that he conceived himself to be in possession of divine powers at the age of eight or nine years.

When fourteen years of age, his parents wished to apprentice him to the gentle and contemplative craft of a cordwainer; but he obstinately and contemptuously rejected this proposal, and both claimed and exercised the free and sovereign control of his future life. At the age of sixteen he apprenticed himself to a carpenter, in his native county. When asked by the writer, in the conversation before mentioned, what was his motive for selecting this pursuit, he replied with an apparently unaffected surprise at the inquiry, that it was the only calling that had been adopted by a being of a divine nature. He had not served the full term of his voluntary apprenticeship, when he came to the city of New York and wrought as a journeyman for his own benefit. His habits, however, were singularly indolent and self-indulgent;

and his demeanor toward his fellow-workmen being austere and overbearing, he seldom remained long with an employer. While in the employ of the late Mr. Burroughs, of Canal street, New York, he was commonly known by the cognomen of the "Jumping Jesus," a *soubriquet* which he acquired by his alternate fits of superhuman piety and raving anger. He was here celebrated for his great familiarity with scripture phraseology, and his singular religious opinions concerning it. He was generally, however, both contemplative and reserved, until, at length, becoming restless and dissatisfied, he left the city of New York.

We next find him pursuing his trade at Hudson, and Albany, and here, while, as we are told, in the employ of Mr. Mead, he addressed and married his wife. During his courtship and for some subsequent period, he was regular in his attendance upon the presbyterian ministry; but he afterward more frequently attended that of the baptist church, for which he manifested a warmer attachment on account of the congeneality of its views with his own on the subject of baptism by immersion. It does not appear, however, thai he was ever a member of this church or of any other, nor that he ever proposed himself as a candidate for the baptismal rite. Indeed, he was known to insist that this rite without that of circumcision was unavailing if not profane, and his doctrines concerning these rites do not appear to have been recommended by his personal example, although it will be seen that he ultimately *administered both.*

Some years after his marriage, a very general feeling was excited in the northern counties of the state, in favor of the cause of temperance, and a total abstinence from spirituous liquors; and it prevailed in Albany, among nearly all the religious classes of the population. Matthews bacame one of its most zealous and eloquent advocates; and he preached it in that city and in all the towns and villages round about. His public addresses on this subject afforded him highly favorable mediums for promulgating his peculiar theories upon religion. On the subject of temperance he at length arrived to the point that not only the use of all ardent spirits and fermented liquors was pernicious and profane, but that the use also of any kind of animal food was scarcely less improper. He called ardent spirits "evil spirits," which he was called by Heaven to expel from the world, and that the destruction of animal life was a violation of that state of primitive happiness and peace which he was destined to re-establish. He did not long retain his opinion upon the use of animal food, although he at one time advocated it with such apparent zeal and sincerity as to take his two infant children, the younger of whom was scarcely able to walk alone, and bear them upon his shoulders several days' journey into the woods at the northeast of Albany, where, in a cabin formed of the boughs of trees, he endeavored to sustain both them and himself upon wild berries and roots. The sudden removal of these children from their home and the arms of their distracted mother, excited so much sympathy among the inhabitants of Albany, that several hundred persons started simultaneously to every part of the compass in pursuit of them; and they were at length discovered on the borders of Washington county, nearly in a state of starvation. The children were restored to their anxious mother, but Matthews did not join his family circle for several months.

It was, we believe, during this interval that he first dissolved acquaintanceship between his dressing-case and the nether department of his physiognomy, although an obvious coolness had occasionally existed of some weeks' continuance. And we are told it was also at this memorable epoch that he first claimed the character and title of "MATTHIAS THE PROPHET,"—"Yea, and more than a prophet," for on his next visit to Albany he added to that pretension the more serious assumption, that he was the incarnate personification of God the Father, of the first Adam, of Noah, of Abraham, of Moses, of John the Baptist, of Jesus of Nazareth. His beard at that time had

grown to a great length and expansion, and this peculiarity, together with his long hair accurately divided over the whole convexity of his head, and clustering on his neck and shoulders, created an involuntary association of ideas between his personal appearance and that of the portraits of the sacred persons in scripture history, whom in this respect, at least, he seemed ambitious to resemble.

It has been remarked, and it is a remark in which we fully concur, that not only in this contour of the head, but even in the forehead, eyebrows, and yet more minute lineaments of his countenance, this man startlingly resembled the most celebrated pictures of Christ, at mature age, by the old masters. His person, therefore, which soon attracted universal attention, also excited un unusual degree of curiosity with regard to his doctrines. He was listened to, wherever he preached, with a respectful docility which he never before commanded; and his "manner of life" being strictly moral, he rapidly acquired the confidence, or at least disturbed the previous faith, of no inconsiderable number of persons who were distinguished for their warmth of religious devotion.

He did not at this period entirely abandon either his family or his trade. his wife gave birth to a third child, which he circumcised with his own hands; and it was about this time that he became a powerful preacher at the camp-meetings in all the adjacent region. Without condescending to attach himself to any particular sect, he became "a preacher of all denominations," and daily converted many individuals to the more modest and comprehensible tenets of his creed. Some disciples, however, he had, who made no compromise with their credulity; who believed in him to the very hem of his garments; and who laid their fortunes and their very persons beneath his feet. Among these was a wealthy merchant of the city of New York.

This was Mr. Sylvester Mills, of the firm of Mills and Brothers, in Pearl street, a gentleman of middle age, of a highly cultivated and intelligent mind, and of gay and fashionable habits. At what period he first became personally acquainted with the pretended prophet we have been unable to ascertain; but it was sometime after the latter had abandoned his wife and family, and betaken himself to the exclusive exercise of his spiritual vocations. His name and fame had reached the ears of Mr. Mills, who had often expressed a wish to gratify his curiosity in a personal interview. Matthias probably heard of this, for the first interview between them is said to have occurred at Mr. Mills's store. The manners of the prophet were easy, confident, and urbane, and his style of conversation prompt, shrewd, and communicative. His personal appearance, though unadorned, was clearly and emphatically impressive. He at once spoke upon the subject of his divine mission and authority, and met all objections by briefly but cautiously refusing to acknowledge the authority of human reason, and even of revelation itself as interpreted by human judgment. Mr. Mills was both interested and puzzled, and invited him to his private residence. Here, in the course of frequent visits, he soon won so absolute an ascendency over the mind of his new disciple as to command both his implicit belief and the contents of his purse. For perhaps the first time Matthias now enjoyed the solid advantages of his bold and adroit imposture. He clothed himself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuous every day.

This, however, was far from being the boundary of his wishes or designs. He had to establish over the whole earth a new and spiritual kingdom, of which the New Jerusalem, as described in the visions of the evangelist, was alone worthy to be the metropolis. Of this kingdom he was to be the sole and absolute ruler, and the wealth of all the world, with the unreserved allegiance of its inhabitants, was to be laid at his feet. It was to be the spiritual kingdom of God the Father, and of Jesus of Nazareth, once again

and for ever incarnate in the eyes of men, and he was that Father in spirit, and that Son incarnate. In this character he was to gird his sword upon his thigh, and to conquer all his enemies, until his garments were like those of one who had trodden the winepress alone, or had rolled them in the blood of the slain. Mr. Mills accordingly freely supplied him with funds to procure the most superb paraphernalia, emblematical of this lofty character, that human art, under his divine direction, could fabricate. A massive key of solid gold, and beautifully wrought, was the emblem of his receptive and excommunicative power over the city of the New Jerusalem, whose gates, if opened, no man could shut, and if closed, no man could open. A graduated rod, six feet in length, and marked with the mysterious numbers named in the Apocalypse, was one wherewith he was to lay down the dimensions of the holy city, "the length thereof and the breadth thereof." A two-edged sword, keen as the cimeter of Saladin, and bright as the rays of a diamond, emblemized the invisible sword of the spirit, by which he was to go on "conquering and to conquer." A sun of blazing gold, a moon and seven stars of the purest silver, and various other astronomical devices, depicted his authority over the celestial hemisphere and the host of heaven. A mitre of black velvet, adorned with crescents, stars, suns, and imperial crowns, denoted the union in him of the ecclesiastical and temporal dominion of the universe. Costly robes of the finest fabric and of the most gorgeous hues and decorations; under raiment of princely lawn, fringed with flowing and delicate lace; hose of virgin silk; gloves of immaculate kid; and an endless variety of apparel of the most costly texture and workmanship, filled his wardrobes and profusely adorned his person. Arrayed in these, he perambulated the public promenades of the city of New York, and visited the houses of worship. Incessantly attracting the curiosity of wondering crowds, he had constant opportunities of proclaiming his divine mission with an imposing air of authority.

It was, however, in the elegant mansion of Mr. Mills, which he caused to be furnished in a style of ostentatious splendor, that he chiefly delighted to deliver his orations and inculcate his creed. But his career of extravagance, in doctrine and expenditure, at length so obviously devastated both the mind and the finances of Mr. Mills, that the near relatives and friends of that gentleman felt it their duty to submit it to a judicial investigation. An examination before the city magistrate was accordingly instituted, and resulted in the confinement of Mr. Mills in the lunatic asylum, and of the prophet in the penitentiary as a vagabond and impostor. The imprisonment of neither, however, was of long duration. Mr. Mills was known to be sane upon every subject save that of his religious creed, and Matthias was discharged upon his solemn protest against a more protracted incarceration. When the master and his disciple again met, it was only to recommence their career with greater ardor and display. The doors of Mr. Mills were thrown open to the congregations of the incarnate divinity, and his tables, amply replenished with the most sumptuous sublunary food, were common to all. At length, a second interference of his anxious and indignant friends effected the dissolution of his domestic establishment, and the prophet wended his way in search of an equally submissive and affluent disciple. Such a one, and one yet more abounding in these highly essential qualities, he found in the person of the late Mr. Elijah Pierson, of Sing-Sing, in the county of Westchester, New York.

At the period of his first acquaintance with Matthias, Mr. Pierson was a highly respected merchant of New York, on the point of retiring from business, with a comfortable competency amounting to seventy thousand dollars. In religious profession he was a member of the baptist church, much esteemed for his devoted piety and zealous munificence, but considered by his more moderate Christian brethren as somewhat unduly enthusiastic in his

feelings, and fanatical in certain of his theological opinions. He had some peculiar views of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and of the miraculous efficacy of faith and prayer. He insisted, for instance, upon the most literal acceptation of the declaration that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick;" and contended that the perfect exercise of faith in prayer might banish the present awful form of mortality from the world, and that its subjects might be translated to the realms of bliss "without seeing death." It is well known that several eminent scripture commentators have betrayed strong inclinations to adopt this extraordinary opinion in theory, but Mr. Pierson's conviction of its truth was so unequivocal, and the tone of his faith so vigorous, as to induce him, on more than one occasion, to test it by actual experiment. On the death of his wife, which, from his previous arduous struggle in prayer, he considered merely apparent, he calmly and confidently walked into the apartment where she was lying in a state prepared for interment, and requested her in his ordinary mode of affectionate address, to arise and join the family circle at tea. And although he had implicitly followed the directions of the sacred scripture in calling in the elders of the church to anoint her, and pray with her, that she might be healed, it does not appear that the inefficiency of both their faith and his own, at all shook his belief in the perpetuity of this ancient miracle. Like his namesake, the powerful prophet of old, he stretched himself upon the body of the dead, unconvinced by the melancholy difference in the results of the experiment.

Over such a mind it is not remarkable that the wily Matthias should have soon acquired an absolute sway. Mr. Pierson, was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Mills, who had spoken to him of Matthias, in language unreservedly expressive of his sincere conviction in the reality of his divine pretensions. He described his person, and his doctrines; said he was beyond doubt the high-priest of the Jews after the order of Melchisedek, who possessed the spirit of truth, which was to fulfil all the prophecies of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, with full powers to effect their accomplishment. He was the Christ who was to reign on earth for a thousand years, banishing wo, disease, and death, and laying out the foundations of the New Jerusalem, which was to descend from heaven like a bride prepared for her husband. In the meantime he was to be the angel of the seventh trumpet, denouncing judgment upon the Gentiles, pouring out all the wrath of the vials of destruction, and requiring of the present generation the blood of all the prophets, from the death of Zechariah to that of the last witness. Only those who became his disciples and the obedient subjects of his kingdom, could escape the great and terrible day of wrath which was to come.

Under the influence of these solemn communications from a friend whose sincerity was manifest, and whose judgment he respected, Mr. Pierson was almost persuaded to become a disciple of the prophet before he had yet seen him, and he was often the subject of anxious conversation in the family. Of this, Matthias himself was informed by Mr. Mills, at their parting interview; and to the house of Mr. Pierson, he accordingly bent his steps. Clothed in the imposing robes of his sacred office, and decorated with the richest paraphernalia, he knocked at the door, which was opened by the black servant Isabella, with the inquiry, "Art thou the Christ?" He answered "I am," and she fell at his feet, kissed them, and burst into tears.

Elated with so perfectly satisfactory a reception at the very threshold of his enterprise, he proceeded, without further invitation, to the interior apartments, where he was greeted by Mr. Pierson with a welcome scarcely less prompt and reverential. Each immediately understood the other, as if by intuition or inspiration; Mr. Elijah Pierson was declared to be in possession of the identical spirit of Elijah of old, and it was admitted that Matthias possessed the spirit of God the father, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. His declaration of his power, and his doctrines concerning the kingdom

which he was to establish, were received as a flood of light poured upon the midnight darkness of the world; and the entire obedience which he imperatively exacted from Mr. Pierson and his family, was rendered at once, and without reserve. He was supplied with whatever pecuniary means he then chose to require for the preparation of his kingdom; for the whole of Mr. Pierson's property was declared to be his, as were the treasures of all the earth, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. It is even currently reported that the personal worship and adoration of this impostor, as the Supreme Being, which it is well known was afterward regularly established in the family, commenced at this their first interview, and that he then exercised his pretended power to forgive sins, and to communicate the Holy Ghost to all that believed in his name.

But we now approach a stage of his blasphemous career, in which his character is marked with deep lines of loathsomeness and horror, paralleled only in the fabulous example of the veiled prophet of Khorasan. He had resided in this family, and stood in this impious relation but a short time, before he was introduced by Mr. Pierson to Mr. Benjamin H. Folger, a merchant in Pearl street, New York, between whom a great intimacy and warm Christian friendship had long existed. Mr. Folger was a gentleman of prepossessing person, of the most amiable and refined manners, and of an unquestionably intellectual and cultivated mind. He had inherited by birth, and acquired by marriage and very successful business, an independent property. As a man of business, he was considered one of the most expert and assiduous in the city, and his character was universally esteemed. His religious feelings, though ardent and sincere, were not marked by any eccentricity or extravagance to render him a probably susceptible victim of any unusual infatuation. It accordingly required a much more protracted course of operation to undermine the fortress of his opinions than had been necessary in the case of Mr. Pierson. He even expostulated with his friend, and solemnly warned him against the false lights and false prophets which were to arise in the world, and "deceive, if possible, the very elect." But Matthias had nevertheless securely marked him for his prey.

He commenced by informing Mr. Pierson, that by his power of discovering the spirits of all men, he perceived that Mr. Folger possessed the spirit of John the Baptist, and that, although his heart was now "as hard as a stone," he would speedily become a child of the kingdom. It was probable that Matthias understood the principle at least of the apothegm, "Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sepæ cadendo," for his tender assiduities were incessantly repeated until the heart of stone was subdued to his will.

From the month of September, 1832, to that of August, 1833, his attentions were unremitted. He called on him at his counting-house, at his hospitable table, at his morning and his evening sacrifice. Mr. Pierson ever seconded his efforts, and to their united attacks, the mind of Mr. Folger was at length laid prostrate. In the month last mentioned, Matthias went on a visit to Mr. Folger's house at Sing-Sing, and the weight of his baggage manifested his disposition to make it protracted. Indeed his amiable host, whose mind had been strained to the last fibre of its strength, frankly invited him to honor his delightful country mansion with his abiding presence. Having remained there a week, he stated that his accommodations were unsuitable to his character, and that he ought to be provided with an abode exclusively his own. Mr. Folger said he would speak to Mr. Pierson, who had also a country-seat in the neighborhood, upon the subject of hiring a suitable residence; but the prophet replied that the very house in which they then were, had been purchased by Mr. Folger for him, however unconscious he may have been of the fact.

The house having been thus miraculously purchased for him, it was obvious that he had an undoubted right to remain in it, which he did until October,

when he required that it should be conveyed to him "according to the forms of Gentile law." He at the same time demanded that his two disciples, Pierson and Folger, should give him a faithful inventory of their whole property, real and personal, and convey it also to him. Incredible as it may appear to those who have not duly weighed the fetters of religious delusion, this was accordingly done. The house at Sing-Sing, then called Folger place on Mount Pleasant, was transferred to him with all its lands and appurtenances, and denominated Mount Zion. It was conveyed to him for ninety-nine years, at the nominal rent of one dollar per annum, by which time he said he should have a palace in the New Jerusalem, the doors of which would be framed of agate, and its windows of carbuncles. The house also of Mr. Pierson, No. 8, Third street, New York, was conveyed to him with its furniture, carriages, and horses. The whole of their funded and otherwise vested property, was also placed under his control, and ten thousand dollars in cash, at his immediate disposal.

He now began to feel himself firmly seated on the nucleus of an accumulating sphere of wealth and power, which promised to realize all the objects he ever secretly entertained. He furnished the house with gorgeous magnificence, and arranged its domestic economy down to the minutest details. Mr. Pierson, his sister and daughter; Mr. Folger, his wife and children, were invited to be his guests, and to continue these so long as they obeyed his will. He claimed the presentation to him of the first-fruits of the garden and of the field, of the market and of the stall; and no one was allowed to eat, to drink, to sleep, or to leave the confines of the establishment, without his sovereign consent. He also enjoined the daily adoration of himself alone, in humble prostration and prayer. "I considered myself," said Mrs. Folger in her testimony on the trial of Matthias for the murder of Mr. Pierson, "a woman of prayer, and Mr. Pierson as truly a man of prayer, but we were not allowed to pray to any God but him."

As the object of this worship, he sometimes stood in a grave and dignified attitude in the centre of the prostrate circle; but was more frequently seated at his ease in a superb chair, where, with closed eyes, and one arm thrown negligently by his side, he would stroke his perfumed beard and mustaches with the other. Sometimes he would refresh the hearts and warm the devotion of his worshippers with a benignant smile, and at others would petrify them with ferocious reproofs for the lukewarmness or ignorance of their petitions. "His anger," said Mrs. Folger, "would sometimes last a long time, and become very tedious; and he would curse us awfully, and threaten us, until we considered ourselves lost creatures, unless he saved us. He told us he would save us, but we must get rid of the evil spirit within us; and if we asked for better spirits from him, he would give them to us, and deliver us." The number of persons who thus regularly worshipped him, was generally from ten to fifteen; and the objects of their petitions were such as devout men ask only of the one living and true God.

He soon began to inculcate his doctrines on the subject of marriage and sexual intercourse; insisting that the former was a heathenish innovation, which he would abolish throughout the world, and that the latter should be restored to the simplicity in which it existed in the garden of Eden, and among "the angels of God, who neither marry nor are given in marriage." He accordingly instituted a revolting domestic ceremony or religious rite, which he sometimes denominated "the purification from marriage," and at others "the fountain of Eden." Himself, and all the members of his household, both male and female, including the black servant Isabella, were entirely divested of every article of clothing, and arranged in a wide circle around a central stove fixed for the purpose, which was well supplied with glowing fuel. He then with a large sponge, filled and replenished with pure water, which had been first consecrated by the ablution of his own person,

washed that of every individual who was present at the ceremony. They were then pronounced "virgins of the garden," and children of his kingdom, and the atrocious rite was repeated as often as his caprice, or worse passions, induced him to inform them that they were possessed of unclean spirits, and required it.

It is manifest from the disgusting ceremony above described, that he must have fully succeeded in eradicating from the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Folger, not only all those feelings of respect for the conjugal relation which they had hitherto held sacred, but even those instructive impulses of natural modesty, which are found to exist in every mind that has not suffered the lowest degree of moral debasement. The "fountain of Eden" has no parallel in moral pollution, except, perhaps, in the libidinous rites of the ancient Bacchantes, or in those of Astarte the goddess of the Zidonians.

His heinous ceremony had been instituted but a short time before the fiendish imposter summoned Mr. Folger to his presence, to receive a further revelation of his will.

He said it had been determined by him, as the spirit of truth, and as the spirit of the Father, incarnate in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, that Mrs. Folger should become the mother of a spiritual generation, which were to be the first pure children of his kingdom. Mr. Folger, too, was to be honored as the father of a holy seed which should inhabit the earth, and become as the stars of heaven in multitude; but he and Mrs. Folger being both carnal beings, could not of themselves accomplish the gracious purposes of Heaven concerning them. He, the Father, therefore had determined to render Mrs. Folger the mother of the man-child mentioned in the Apocalypse of St. John, by honoring her with a divine union with himself; and Mr. Folger, should take unto himself the daughter of Matthias, who, though the wife of another man, "according to the forms of Gentile law," should be brought into holy union with him; and who, being the offspring of a divine nature, could become the mother of a spiritual posterity.

How long it was before the former of these commands was obeyed we know not, but we state on the authority of more than one person who resided in Matthias's establishment at the time, that it *was* obeyed, and that Mr. Folger was fully cognizant of both the monstrous contract and its accomplishment. It is said that the unhappy victim to the vile machinations and impious tyranny of the fiend in human form by whom she was thus degraded to the lowest depth of infatuation and dishonor, was arrayed in rich and costly robes emblematical of her new relationship, as "the bride, the lamb's wife." We have ourselves seen and inspected specimens of two sets of bridal night-caps, made of the very finest French lawn, and displaying the most exquisite needlework, which this poor deluded lady wrought for the fatal deceiver with her own hands. In shape, at the lower border they are a duodedron, having twelve sides inclining pyramidically to the apex, which is a duodedron also of miniature dimension. On the twelve sides, in one of the sets, are written, in indelible ink, the names of the twelve tribes of Israel; and on the small piece in which they unite at the top, is inscribed the words, "Melchizedek or Matthias." On the other set are written in the same manner the names of the twelve apostles of Christ, and on the top of these the words, "Jesus of Nazareth, or Matthias." These inscriptions, like the elaborate and beautiful needlework, bear the melancholy impress of a skilful female hand, and the fabrics which contain them are worthy of being preserved in a museum of the country as a permanently-warning memorial of the ravages which religious delusion can make in the sanctuary of female purity, and nuptial virtue.

From this period Mrs. Folger was denominated the "mother of the kingdom," and held, under Matthias, the domestic management of his establishment. She sometimes, however, resided with him at his house, No. 8 Third

street, New York, travelling with him thither, and back to Mount Zion in his private carriage driven by his favorite coachman, Lewis Basil. This connexion is said to have continued until after the mysterious death of Mr. Pierson, which event materially impaired her confidence in his pretensions to divine power, for he had injudiciously said that all diseases and sickness were under his supreme control and that Mr. Pierson should never die. But it has been asserted by persons who ought to be the best informed upon this painful subject that the last shock to her credulity was not received, nor her deplorable infatuation entirely dispelled, until she had given birth to a child, the sex of which completely falsified the impostor's predictions. The confusion, remorse, and misery, which followed this event may be faintly conceived, but are far too painful for contemplation. Mrs. Folger, an amiable, lady-like, more than ordinarily intelligent, and invariably devout woman, finding her faith torn from its anchorage and driven to a pitiless despondency, finds now her only consolation in that more "sure word of prophesy" on which it originally reposed, and in the inalienable affection of a husband who can not reproach her errors.

In the meantime, the decree that Mr. Folger should become the father of an offspring of incarnate angels by the daughter of Matthias, was to be righteously fulfilled. Mrs. Isabella Laisdell, a charming young woman, scarcely arrived at "sweet eighteen," but the wife of Mr. Charles Laisdell, a smart young combmaker, at Albany, was sent for by her father, the prophet, and by Mr. Folger, to bring her two younger brothers on a visit to Mount Zion. Little imagining the covert motive of the invitation, with the consent of her husband, she arrived. She had not divested herself of her travelling apparel, ere Mrs. Folger, her new spiritual stepmother, began to indoctrinate her with the tenets of her father on the subjects of marriage, sickness, death, and the New Jerusalem, and to insist that an implicit obedience to his holy will was a solemn and imperious duty. Mrs. Laisdell replied that she would rather die than believe his doctrines, and an altercation arose characterized by the usual volubility and dexterity of female controversy. Mrs. Folger repaired to the prophet and informed him that his daughter had not only declared that she would rather die than yield submission to his divine authority, but had treated her with an air of unceremoniousness and equality, derogatory to her character as the "mother of the kingdom." The prophet summoned his presumptuous daughter to his presence, and taking a raw cowhide from under a bureau, where he kept it for the administration of corporal chastisement upon such subjects of his spiritual economy, as he considered transgressors of its regulations, inflicted divers blows upon sundry parts of the fair infidel's person. On the following day, in consequence of her inflexible objection to his doctrines on the nullity of marriage, and the indignant tone of unaffected horror with which she rejected them, he again inflicted a flagellation so brutally severe, that she retained the scars which it occasioned for several months. "I told him," said Mrs. Laisdell, in her testimony at White Plains, "that I would not have his husband." He replied, "You won't, hey?" and he then whipped her as above related.

This was certainly a most unseductive and unfascinating mode of weaning her affections from the husband of her choice, to transfer them to a bridegroom of divine appointment, and we do not find that it was repeated. She continued, however, in the holy family several weeks, during which other methods were adopted.

Anxious at her long absence, and at his receiving no answer to several letters for her return, which he had written to her from Albany, her husband had yet no suspicion of the foul scheme for subverting her virtue and blasting the true Eden of his domestic peace, until he arrived at Sing-Sing, for the purpose of conducting her home. He here heard, to his great horror

and apprehension, some vague whispers concerning the mysteries of the pandemonium of piety in which she was enthralled. Hastening to its portals he demanded his wife; but he was repulsed by the faithful Cerberus who guarded them, and refused admission. Repeatedly did he make similar efforts to obtain but a transient interview with the wife of his bosom, but was ever denied the boon by the servile domestic myrmidons, who acted upon the injunctions of a being whom they considered divine, and the sacred precincts of whose abode he was forbid to approach. Driven frantic by this outrageous aggression upon his dearest rights, his feelings had not been sufficiently collected to seek the means of redress which the laws of the country afford, when to his utter dismay, he learned that his wife had no wish to see him, that her affections were no longer centred in him, that she had become a convert to the doctrine of Mount Zion, and had left the neighborhood in company with Mr. Folger, her father the prophet, the mother of the kingdom, and their domestics. He then flew for legal advice, and finding that the heavenly party had directed their course to New York, pursued them with a Gentile writ of *habeas corpus*, and two or three unconverted constables.

The wheels of the holy chariots were traced to No. 8, Third street, where the injured husband, and the officers of the law, demanded his wife. Mr. Folger, who came to the door, referred the demand to Matthias, who came forth with a drawn sword and resisted its execution. He said Mr. Laisdell had no wife, and that the woman whom he falsely so called, was "too far off for him to see her." He added that "the minister who married them was a devil, that all marriages not made by himself, and according to his doctrines, were of the devil; and that he had come to establish a community of property, and of wives." All search for Mrs. Laisdell proved in vain; Mr. Pierson supplied her husband with money to leave New York, and he did not again see his wife until she was brought into the justices' courtroom, at Westchester, by the writ of *habeas corpus*. The interview between them was on his part most affecting; but although her moral principles and conjugal affections had confessedly suffered from the poisonous influence of the hydra associations by which they had been surrounded, her husband happily became assured that the last irreparable injury to her honor, and his peace, had not yet been effected. But although fully satisfied of this, and although she bitterly regretted the temporary alienation of mind into which she had been artfully misled, she had nevertheless so far compromised her sacred nuptial allegiance by some unlawful pledge upon the altars of the diabolical temple into which she had been betrayed, or felt the purity of her virtue so soiled by the foul incense of the incantations which had been exhibited around her, that she would not resume her conjugal relation with her lawful husband, until they had been again united by the marriage rite.

The impostor having triumphantly accomplished his own object, the disappointment of Mr. Folger, with regard to Mrs. Laisdell, was to him a matter of inconsiderable importance. The plenitude of Mount Zion, moreover, abounded with sources of consolation to Mr. Folger himself. Although not qualified, like Mrs. Laisdell, by inherent spirituality and hereditary divinity, to become the mother of a progeny of "incarnate angels," Mrs. Catharine Gallaway, a comely and animated young widow lady of the establishment, was pronounced a perfectly competent instrument in fulfilling the decree, that Mr. Folger should become the father of a multitude innumerable as the stars of heaven. The spirituality and divinity which these were destined to possess, were adscititious qualities, which could at any time be supplied by Matthias himself. Mrs. Gallaway was therefore given unto Mr. Folger, to be his wife.

But we should feebly adumbrate the dark chambers of this abode of delusion, and do great injustice to the lascivious temperament of the prophet,

were our description to convey the idea that his attack upon the institution of marriage, and the chastity of his female devotees, was confined to a mere transition of persons from one marriage contract to another. His new community of wives, like that of property, was a reciprocity all on one side. The husbands whom he appointed were not allowed to possess more than one wife; but each of the wives, except his own sacred sultana, was allowed more than one husband, and but one more, which was himself. In other words, it was a community of wives to him, and to no other person. Of the seven females, including Isabella Van Wagenan, the black servant, which composed his harem, it was currently reported in the neighborhood that he had one appointed to each working-day in the week, and the black one consecrated for Sundays. And coarsely jocose as this statement may appear, we have been seriously informed that it is strictly correct, with the exception that the arrangement was not arbitrarily uniform. This state of things continued until the death of Mr. Pierson, in the month of August, 1834, when the mystery in which that event was involved excited suspicions, and induced investigations, which dispelled the enchantments of the polluted temple at Mount Zion, and broke the impostor's wand.

Mr. Pierson had for some time been reduced to the station, in the household, of a menial servant, or a laborer in the garden and fields, whose first fruits he carefully and even cheerfully collected, as offerings, not less of gratitude than of duty, to the object of his worship, who had honored him by making his house the tabernacle of his presence. Poor Mr. Pierson, in addition to this great infirmity of mind, had long been subject to epileptic attacks, which were gradually undermining his strength. But on the day preceding the commencement of his last illness, he had been laboring, as usual, in the fields, and had returned to his evening meal in apparently good health. In the course of that afternoon, the prophet, and his two sons, who had resided in the establishment from the time they were brought to it by their sister, went into the fields which formed part of his domain, to gather some blackberries as a rustic desert for the tea-table. These he brought home, and prepared with sugar, and other condiments. But we shall give the scene at the family-table in the simple, and doubtless, faithful language of Mrs. Folger, in her testimony at White Plains, as it illustrates the character of Matthias, and the imperious tone of his domestic government, far better than any description which we could substitute.

"Matthias helped Mr. Pierson to some blackberries, a small butter or tea plate full. Mr. Pierson eat these, and had another plate full. Catharine had some also; but I eat only two berries. Matthias eat none. He had been preaching at the table some time, and I said—'Father, you have eaten no blackberries;' and I then discovered there was no plate before him, although one was a little on one side. I said—'Father, you have no plate;' and he said—'The father is not honored here, though his sons were, and the daughters would dress themselves gayly, and therefore he had lost his [Matthias's] blessing, and the enjoyment of eating blackberries.' He preached on this subject until 12 o'clock, or after. He told Mr. Pierson that he would be the subject of censure that night, inasmuch as Mr. Pierson had had two plates of blackberries, while he had none; and that it was to be considered a great favor that he picked them himself. But no blackberries were eaten but what he helped us to, as he always did the bread and butter, and everything on the table. He said they were Judases who dipped in the dish with him. There was nothing unusual next morning, and Mr. Pierson went into the fields. But in the afternoon he came home extremely sick, and vomited excessively. He was found in the barn in a state of insensibility, and removed into the house, where, after lingering six days, he expired."

During this illness all medical attendance and aid was absolutely interdict-

ed by Matthias, who scarcely permitted even the members of the family or Mr. Pierson's own daughter, to wipe the dew of mortality from her dying parent's brow. He said his son Elijah had merely a devil, which he would exorcise, and that he would then recover and live for ever. The circumstances connected with his death, have been so fully and minutely published in the reports of the impostor's trial for his murder, through the columns of the public press, and are now so universally known throughout the United States and Great Britain, that we deem it unnecessary to encumber these brief memoirs with their recapitulation; and therefore here only remark that they were such as to ultimately induce an exhumation and examination of the body by physicians on whose certificates the supposed murderer was committed for trial.

But from some cause, which we have never heard explained, and for which we are utterly at a loss to account, these certificates were either not given, or not acted upon, until the month of November, 1834, being sixteen months after Mr. Pierson death. In the meantime, Matthias, who immediately after that event removed from the house at Sing-Sing, continued to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Folger, and the rest of his household, at No. 8 Third street, New York, until the month of September. In March, Mr. Folger, the whole of whose property had been placed at the disposal, and subjected to the profligate expenditure or *provident secretion* of the imposter, became a bankrupt. This circumstance, so entirely unexpected by his mercantile connexions, led his creditors and friends to investigate its causes, which were at length found to centre in his deplorable religious delusion. But he could not be prevailed upon to expel the author of his ruin from his house, nor even to relax in his obsequious devotion to his will, during the period of the seven ensuing months. He was then compelled, by the interference of his friends, and, we believe, of his assignees, to inform him that he could no longer remain in the possession of property upon which, by "Gentile law" at least, other persons had more equitable claims. The prophet at first affected to be greatly enraged at this daring impiety; but infusing no small portion of discretion into the boiling caldron of his anger, he ordered his wardrobes and paraphernalia of office to be packed up in trunks provided for the purpose, and taking one hundred dollars in bills, and five hundred and thirty dollars in gold, which was all the money remaining in Mr. Folger's house, he left the city, to rest the shechinah of his presence over the springs of Saratoga.

It seems, however, that he did not succeed in establishing a "fountain of Eden" among the fashionable circles of that delightful retreat; and feeling the deprivation of his wonted comforts in New York, he shortly afterward returned thither, with the purpose of making determined efforts for their recovery and permanent possession.

But like the trembling prey rescued from the fascination of a serpent, Mr. Folger, during the short period he had thus been relieved of his presence, urged by the reviving exercise of his judgment, and aroused by the vehement expostulations of his friends to take a retrospect of the foul labyrinth of delusion in which he had wandered, awoke to a consciousness of his errors, and resolved to abandon the impostor and his doctrines. On the return of the latter to his house, he informed him of his determination. The prophet, vociferating terrific denunciations with the highest power of his stentorian voice, said that Mr. Folger and his family should be expelled "the kingdom," and that *sickness, and perhaps death*, should follow. Unintimidated by threats, which but a short time before would have shaken him to the centre, and thrown him prostrate in deprecatory supplication, Mr. Folger was now enabled to stand unmoved; but in compassion to the apprehensions of some members of his family, whose minds yet remained in the meshes of the destroyer, he was induced to appoint a period some days distant for

his final expulsion. On the morning of that day, an event occurred which eventually led to a renewed inquiry into the circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Pierson, and to the arrest of Matthias, as his supposed murderer.

A breakfast of coffee was placed on the table, which had been prepared by Isabella Van Wagenan, the black servant, and disciple of Matthias. He declined to partake of it, saying his bodily person was somewhat indisposed. Mr. and Mrs. Folger, however, and their children, drank of it as usual, but found fault with it, as ill-favored and disagreeable. In a very short time afterward, the whole family, except Matthias and the black servant, who alone had not partaken of the coffee, were taken violently sick; but though they all escaped death, several of them had not recovered from its effects at the termination of nearly three months. Matthias had left the city before the breakfast was concluded, and the place of his destination was unknown.

This diabolical attempt prompted Mr. Folger to offer immediately a reward for his apprehension. He was soon arrested at Albany, and brought down to New York. He was not, however, arrested on this occasion upon the charge of attempting to poison, but upon that of having embezzled and obtained from Mr. Folger a large amount of property under false pretences. After an examination before Mr. Justice Wyman, he was committed to the Bellevue prison for trial. In the meanwhile, an indictment was preferred against him in Westchester, for the murder of Mr. Pierson, and he was removed from Bellevue to the prison of that county.

He was at length brought to trial at White Plains, on the 16th of April, 1835. While the clerk of the court was calling the jury, Matthias rose to address the court, and was interdicted; but without at all regarding the authoritative tone of the judge, he boldly said—"I speak in reference to the proceedings of the grand jury—that is a secret institution; and I here proclaim that all secret societies are dissolved—are dissolved—dissolved—and were five years ago! They were a curse; they have the curse of Almighty God upon them, and were dissolved five years ago! I say they are dissolved!" In saying this, the prisoner shouted the word "dissolved" at the highest possible pitch of a clear stentorian voice, and bending down to acquire yet greater power of lungs, shouted again and again, until the whole courthouse rang, and the audience were deafened by the sound.

Embarrassed by this gross act of indecorum, which however artfully resorted to, certainly afforded prima-facie evidence of insanity, the court, after protracted arguments of the respective counsel, decided upon calling an official inquest upon his sanity as a preliminary to his trial for murder, or his incarceration as a man not legally responsible for his crimes. The jury on this inquest, after hearing the testimony of several medical and other witnesses who had often conversed with him, or intimately known him, returned a verdict that Robert Matthews, otherwise called Matthias, was "not insane." His trial upon the capital charge, commenced the following day. Of this trial, it is sufficient to say that the evidence which it elicited, was insufficient to convict him of the crime for which he was indicted. The testimony of the medical gentleman who examined the body and viscera of Mr. Pierson, was not conclusive of the fact that he had been destroyed by poison, though the remarkable state of preservation in which the stomach, more particularly, remained, leaves it a case of strong suspicion; the well-known effects of arsenic in preserving all dead animal substances from decomposition, may be fairly traced in this fact, strengthened as it is by collateral circumstances.

Acquitted upon this indictment, he was then arraigned upon another which had been found against him for the assault upon his daughter, Mrs. Laisdell, to which we have already alluded. Of this he was convicted, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. For his outrage in court, he was

sentenced to a further imprisonment of thirty days. In dismissing him to his cell, Judge Ruggles solemnly informed him that the day of his imposture was now at an end; that he had never for one moment believed in the blasphemous pretensions for which he had obtained the credence of others; and that when he should be discharged from his confinement, it would be his duty to shave his beard, to clothe his person in decorous apparel, and "go to work like an honest man." To this concluding advice, Matthias raised his brow in contemptuous scorn; and with all due deference to the worthy judge, we are inclined to express a doubt with regard to both its necessity and practicability. Of $70,000 which was the acknowledged property of Mr. Pierson, only $7,000 were recovered, not to speak of that of Mr. Folger; and of the practicability of the prophet's doing anything "like an honest man," our doubts are not inconsiderable. After the term of his imprisonment expired, he was threatened with another prosecution, and left the state of New York and resided in New Jersey. The friends of the respectable gentlemen who were duped, not satisfied with the numerous allusions to him in the public papers, finally persuaded him to emigrate to the far west. A farm was therefore presented to him, on which he resided several years, having given up all his spiritual pretensions. He died in 1841.

On the question of his insanity there has been much speculation, into which the prescribed limits of these memoirs preclude us from entering. Our own opinion, however, is that in unison with a partial degree of religious monomania he possessed a much larger degree of the darkest moral depravity and satanic duplicity. To phrenologists, it may be an interesting fact, that the organ of "self-esteem," the undue excitement of which generally leads to mental hallucinations like those of which he is supposed by many to be the subject, is in him remarkably developed.

His history, which we hold forth as a warning beacon to the community, teaches us this important lesson, that if the pure and true religion can exalt our nature to the highest altitude of moral greatness, so can religious delusion degrade it to the lowest depths of pollution.

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE COMPACT BETWEEN

DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEVIL.

John Faustus was by far the most learned man of his day; his researches had no bounds, his mind was capacious, his memory retentive, his wit pointed and ready; he was deeply skilled in all the sciences, a proficient in every branch of literature, and a complete master, not only of the dead, but of all the living languages of his time. This extraordinary man was of obscure birth; his father, a poor and laboring husbandman, who resided in a small hamlet, in the province of Wiemar, in Germany: he had, however, the advantage of having a rich uncle living at Wittenberg, who, not being blessed with children, took the young Faustus, adopted him, and made him heir to his property; thus, instead of being doomed to follow the ploughtail, to work hard early and late, and to live upon the most homely fare, our hero was destined to bask in the sunshine of affluence, to tread the flowery meads of learning, to drink at the immortal fount, to climb Helicon's banks, and thereby reach the temple of fame.

Young Faustus now became the favorite of his uncle, who had a good living in his gift, was, in order to qualify him for the station, sent to study divinity at the university of Wittenberg; the same at which Hamlet, prince of Denmark, was educated. Here he prosecuted his studies until he had exhausted the stores of learning; he regularly passed his different examina-

tions for the various minor academical degrees, with great credit to himself, and honor to his tutors; when at last he presented himself for the superior degree, he was not, according to the laws of the university, of sufficient standing; but as he was now known to be a man of vast and comprehensive genius, he was made an exception to the general rule, suffered to pass his final examination, and, by unanimous consent, admitted as a doctor of divinity; being moreover considered as one whose brilliant talents and extensive education would shed a lustre on the city and university in which he had studied. He was inducted into his uncle's living, was looked up to as a most impressive and orthodox preacher, and might in time, had he been properly disposed, have risen to the highest clerical preferment; but, alas! his genius and his fortune were fated to take a different and less honorable direction. In short, the world was obliged to confess "his talents great, but sorely misapplied."

Faustus had virtuous relatives, who, seeing him possessed of strong natural abilities, with an aptitude for improvement; and having the means to provide handsomely for him in the church, were desirous to give play to his faculties, and to bring him up to religious studies; but Faustus was blind to the generous feelings of his uncle, was deaf to the good wishes of his friends, and was moreover careless of his own reputation; for being evilly disposed, he addicted himself to the baneful study of necromancy, and the malignant arts of conjuration and soothsaying; aiming to see future events, to fathom the depths of nature, and pry into the inscrutable secret of hidden causes: his companions were selected from the herd of impostors, called alchymists, who, to the disgrace of the age, then infested every corner of Europe; from among astrologers as ignorant as they were presumptuous: in short, from among men, who outraged every feeling of decorum, and set themselves up as beings to whom everything was revealed and to whom nothing was unknown, except the road to virtue and honest industry. But Faustus was not a man long to be deceived by such impudent pretenders; his quick and penetrating genius soon enabled him to discover their ignorant assurance, and although he quitted them with scorn, as unworthy his notice, he did not abandon his own wicked pursuit, for distinction in the devilish arts of magic and witchcraft; on the contrary, he followed them up with more ardency than ever, frequently falling into the deepest reveries, and was often so absorbed by his cogitations, that he became a by-word among the students, who nick-named him the speculator. At first, he indulged his theoretical dreams in private; but at length he grew callous to public opinion, and openly casting from him the Scriptures, in derision of his profession as a priest, began, to the great mortification of his uncle, who would fain have reclaimed him, to lead a most dissolute and ungodly life: he practised as a physician, giving his advice gratis to all comers, among whom he effected the most miraculous cures, for it is an unquestionable fact, that his knowledge of the healing art was most consummate, and that he had, by his elaborate researches, become better acquainted with the medicinal virtues of herbs and minerals, than any other practitioner of his day. Faustus turned a deaf ear to advice of all kind, and looking more to the joys of the world than to the value of his soul, he preferred the present to the future; continued his abominable course with a fixed determination, if possible, to become acquainted with the great secret of the original formation of the world.

Faustus, now resolute to rank first in the magical art, furnished himself with all the books he could find, that embraced the subjects of his meditation; these he studied day and night, until he became so familiar with the mysteries of the black art, the figures and characters of enchantments, invocations to spirits, and every other knowledge requisite to the preparation of incantations, that he surpassed all those with whom he conversed.

Having proceeded thus far, he became more impatient for the accomplishment of his favorite object, and began to entertain the notion of calling the devil to his assistance; no sooner did this purpose enter his head, than he began to make preparations for carrying it into effect; to raise the devil, therefore, he adopted all the means of which he was master.

On consulting his oracles, he found it was requisite to undergo a probation of forty days, during which he must five times every day invoke the prince of darkness; trample on the Holy Bible, seclude himself from society, and drink, morning and evening, repeating his diabolical lesson, one spoonful of devil's soup; he drew a magical circle upon the floor of his apartment, and then with diligence set about getting together the materials for his infernal diet; this was a work of both time and labor, as many of the ingredients were extremely difficult to be procured; to make and eat this hellish mixture required, however, no common degree of fortitude, but he had taken his resolution, and therefore he began to rummage the churchyards for human bones of a particular description, in the hollows of which worms of a certain shape and color had engendered; he then procured newts of a month old; the eyes of dead brindled sows; hoofs of cows that died of the murrain; heads and legs of toads; spawn of frogs; genitals of scorpions; tongues of crocodiles; livers of male black rats; toes of nightingales, and spurs of game-cocks; the whole of this was boiled to a consistence with whale-sperm and snails; to which he added every morning seventy-three drops of his own blood, taken from his left arm by himself.

Having concocted this devilish potion, he in all things conformed himself to his probationary state, tearing bibles to pieces and treading the leaves under foot: toward the end of the time uncommon noises began to assail his ears, while he was taking the abominable soup, and whenever he poured his blood into it, the room would suddenly fill with dense clouds of sulphurous smoke; moaning cries and heavy groans would arise, and the trampling of many horses as if mounting the stairs; then the doors and windows would make a loud noise. By these tokens, Faustus knew he was rapidly advancing to his wishes; when, therefore, the forty days were expired, he resolved to put all to the hazard, and use the utmost powers of his art to bring Beelzebub into his presence.

All things being in readiness, Faustus repaired at midnight to a thick wood near Wittenberg, and selecting an open spot where four cross-roads met, he drew a circle on the ground, round which he traced various cabalistic figures, and sprinkled it over with a hundred drops of his blood. He then placed within the circle a little globe, and a bowl of the soup. He next put on an apron, on which were painted a skull and cross-bones, and a figure of the devil; then throwing into the circle the fragments of the bible, he stood within it, and fearlessly invoked the demon. No sooner had he done this, than thick sulphurous smoke filled the whole forest; to this succeeded the most fearful and terrifying sounds ear ever heard. This was followed by a furious storm, and at last there fell near him a great ball of fire which kept running round the circle with incredible velocity, sending forth the most appalling noises, and such a horrid smell, he was almost suffocated. At length the ball of fire opened, from which issued the devil, who said: "Faustus, thou art a bold man, and hast prevailed, unhappily for thyself; write thy wishes on this skin, which once covered the body of one of thine ancestors; but mind, let it be in thine own blood, taken from thy left arm; give it to my servant Mephistophiles, whom I leave with thee, and thou shalt have my answer; and now, wretched man, fare thee well; soon, very soon, we shall be closer connected, for thou wilt reside with me in hell." So saying, he vanished, and Faustus found himself standing in the circle, with the spirit Mephistophiles standing near him, whom he desired to call

THE DEVIL AND DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

upon him the next day for his propositions. He then returned home, well pleased with the success of his enterprise.

Faustus employed himself until the following morning in writing out his propositions: they were nine in number, and in substance to the effect, that every wish expressed by him should be immediately acceded to. Among the stipulations, boundless riches, the power of rendering himself invisible, and of transporting himself to the most distant regions, were insisted on. To all of these the devil (to whom they were promptly conveyed) instantly acceded; and the bonds were brought and signed by the parties, the devil granting Faustus twenty-four years of life from that period.

The bonds being mutually exchanged, the spirit Mephistophiles addressed him familiarly, saying, "Come, my Faustus, be of good cheer, man; although thou hast damned thyself to all eternity for a few years of pleasure, yet thou shalt lead a merry life for the time, and be the envy and admiration of the world." Then, putting a large key into his hand, he continued, "Take this, it is the key of one of the gates of hell, and a favor never before granted to mortal: whenever you wish to see me, if you hold up this key above your head, with your right hand, and say, 'CLISHMARAMOTH TEUFEL,' I shall instantly appear in the shape you now see me," which was in the form of a dapper little man, neatly dressed in black, with a cocked hat on his head, looking much like a French abbe.

Faustus now began to amuse himself with the exercise of his devilish powers: sometimes he would disguise himself and go round to the different gaming-houses, and by the aid of his familiar, win all the money, let them play for whatever they might. One night, when there was a very large company assembled, having played until he had won everything as usual, he suddenly rendered himself invisible, and then ordered Mephistophiles to set the cards and dice to dancing all over the tables, and about the room, and at the same time to make them squeak just like pigs under the knife of the butcher; this so terrified the company that they ran out of the house, swearing that either the devil or Doctor Faustus was there; but judge their surprise, when reaching home, each one found the exact money he had lost laying on the table in his bed-chamber; when he went to take it up, he was prevented by a little dog jumping up and snapping at his fingers. Sometimes he would call at a friend's house, and while he was talking to the family, would cause sweet music, just as if some one was playing in the room upon either a guitar, flute, harpsichord, violin, French horn, or clarinet, according as fancy happened to strike him; then suddenly change it into the cry of a pack of hounds, or the chattering of a score of magpies. These and a thousand other tricks of the kind he was continually playing. An old woman once offended him, and he revenged himself in a curious manner; as she was one day setting down to a dinner of something she was very fond of, the dish suddenly disappeared, and a gentle sprinkling of water, as if thrown up by a fountain, kept flowing over her; she ran from one room to another, thinking to avoid the wetting, but go where she would, although nothing was to be seen, the water kept playing over her without intermission, for three days and three nights; what most astonished her was, that although her clothes were wet to her skin, yet the moment she pulled them off they were perfectly dry, and notwithstanding great crowds came to see her in this situation, yet no one received a drop of the water but herself; the poor old woman was dreadfully alarmed, and very unhappy at her miserable condition, when suddenly the sprinkling ceased, and the dinner of which she had been thus disappointed, reappeared upon the table as hot as ever, and at the exact hour she sat down to it three days previous, but to her great surprise and satisfaction, round the edges of the dish were placed twenty pieces of gold money of different countries; these, when she at-

tempted to touch them, leaped off the dish and rolled round the room, the old woman running after them; but, putting her hand in her pocket, found them all there. He once set all the cocks (of which there was an immense number kept in the town of Wittenberg) crowing at the same time, and they continued their shrill clarion notes for three hours without intermission to the great dismay and wonder of the inhabitants, who could by no means account for so extraordinary an occurrence.

Faustus said to Mephistophiles, "Inform me, I pray thee, what sort of a place hell is, where it is placed, how it is governed, and when it was made, and if it be possible for the damned ever to come again into the favor of God." The spirit replied, "My Lord Faustus, that is a secret thou wilt very soon become acquainted with."

Faustus now began to amuse himself by changing his shape: he would find out where a party of ladies were assembled, and creeping into the room, frighten them almost to death; when hunted and hard pressed, he would turn himself into a fly or a little dog, and thus escape: he has been known to get into the tribunals of justice, in the form of a magpie, and, flying over the judges and counsellors, pluck off their wigs, throw them in a heap on the floor, and jump upon their heads, to the amusement of the spectators. He ordered his familiar to procure twelve of the handsomest women in the world; with these he established a harem, and lived with them until the day of his death.

The term granted to Faustus having expired, Mephistophiles appeared to him, and, showing him his bond, commanded him to make preparation, for the devil would fetch him, according to their stipulation. Faustus changed color, sighed, and wept bitterly; on which his familiar addressed him briskly, saying, "Come, come, my Faustus, you have had your career, and a lewd and merry one it has been; do not act the coward at last."

On the fatal day that was to terminate his career, he gave a grand entertainment to his friends. After the banquet he thus addressed them: "My well-beloved friends, as I must, in a few hours, for ever quit the world and its pleasures, I have brought you here that I may explain the mystery of my life; four-and-twenty years are now unhappily past since I entered into a compact with the devil, by whose help I have performed all these wonderful things that have gained me so much renown and envy; I pledged to him my soul and body, in return for the riches and pleasures he was to provide me; this night our compact ceases, and he has warned me that he will claim the fulfilment of my agreement.

"Now, although I have made such a wicked use of that fine understanding which it pleased God to bestow upon me, I most heartily repent of my evil courses: and now, my good friends, retire to your beds, and do not trouble yourselves about me, seeing that nothing can avert my unhappy fate: if, which I fear is not very likely, you should find my dead body, lay it decently in the earth, for I can truly say, I die both a good and a bad Christian; and write on my tombstone, 'Here lies Faustus the Wicked, who, to gratify his evil propensities, sold himself to the Devil.'"

As the clock struck twelve, the devil and Ghastomio appeared. Faustus made a stout resistance, uttering the most piercing cries, but the demons soon mastered him, when the latter, taking him upon his pitchfork, flew away with him, amidst a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning.

2

GWINETT'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN CANTERBURY.

The Strange History and Adventures of AMBROSE GWINETT, *known as the Lame Beggar of London, related by Himself.*

I WAS born of reputable parents in the city of Canterbury, where my father dealt in hops. He had but two children, a daughter and myself; and having given me a good school education, at the age of sixteen he bound me apprentice to Mr. George Roberts, an attorney in the same town, with whom I stayed four years and three quarters, to his great content, and my own satisfaction.

My sister being come to woman's estate, had now been married something more than a twelvemonth to one Sawyer, a seafaring man, who having got considerable prize-money, and my father also giving him two hundred pounds, with my sister, quitted his profession, and set up a public house within three miles of the place of his nativity, which was Deal, in the county of Kent.

I had frequent invitations to pass a short time with them; and in the autumn of the year 1709, having obtained my master's consent for the purpose, I left the city of Canterbury on foot, on Wednesday morning, the 17th day of September; but through some unavoidable delays on the road, the evening was considerably advanced before I reached Deal; and so tired was I, being unused to that way of travelling, that, had my life depended on it, I could not have got as far as my sister's that night. At this time there were many of her majesty Queen Ann's ships lying in the harbor, the English being then at war with the French and Spaniards; besides which, I found this was the day for holding the yearly fair; so that the town was filled to that degree, that a bed was not to be gotten for love or money. I went seeking a lodging from house to house to no purpose, till, being quite spent, I returned to the public house where I had first made inquiry, desiring leave to sit by their kitchen-fire to rest myself till morning.

The publican and his wife where I put up happened, unfortunately for me, to be acquainted with my sister and her husband, and finding, by the discourse, that I was a relation of theirs and going to visit them, the landlady presently said she would endeavor to get me a bed, and going out of the kitchen, she quickly after called me into a parlor that led from it. Here I saw sitting by the fireside, a middle-aged man in a night-gown and cap, who was reckoning money at a table. "Uncle," said the woman, as soon as I entered, "this is a brother of our friend Mrs. Sawyer: he can not get a bed anywhere, and is tired after his journey. You are the only one that lies in this house alone, will you give him part of yours?" To this the man answered, that she knew he was out of order, that he had been bled that day, and consequently a bedfellow could not be very agreeable. "However," said he, "rather than the young man shall sit up, he is welcome to sleep with me." After this we sat awhile together, when, having put his money in a canvass-bag, in the pocket of his night-gown, he took the candle, and I followed him up to bed.

How long I slept I can not exactly determine, but I conjectured it was about three o'clock in the morning when I awoke with a colic, attended with the most violent gripes: I attributed this to some bacon and cabbage I had eaten that day for dinner, after which I drank a large draught of milk. I found my chum awake as well as myself. He asked me what was the matter. I informed him, and at the same time begged he would direct me to an outhouse. He told me, when I was down stairs, I must turn on my right hand, and go straight into the garden, at the end of which it was, just over the sea. "But," added he, "you may find some difficulty in opening the door, the string being broke which pulls up the latch. I will lend you

a penknife, which you may open it with through a chink in the boards." So saying, he put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, which lay over him on the bed, and gave me a middle-sized penknife.

I hurried on a few of my clothes and went down stairs; but I must observe, that unclasping the penknife, to open the door of the outhouse, according to his direction, a piece of money, which stuck between the blade and the groove in the handle, fell into my hand. I did not examine what it was, nor indeed could I well see, there being then but a very faint moonlight; so I put them together carelessly into my pocket.

I apprehend I stayed in the garden pretty near half an hour, for I was extremely ill, and, by over-heating myself with walking the preceding day, had brought on the piles; a disorder I was subject to from my youth. These seem trifling circumstances, but afterward turned out of infinite consequence to me. When I returned to the chamber, I was surprised to find my bedfellow gone: I called several times, but receiving no answer, took it for granted, he had withdrawn into some adjoining closet for his private occasions. I therefore went to bed and again fell asleep.

About six o'clock I arose, nobody yet being up in the house. The gentleman was not yet returned to bed, or, if he had, had again left it. I dressed myself with what haste I could, being impatient to see my sister; and the reckoning being paid over-night, I let myself out at the street-door.

I will not trouble you with a relation of the kindness with which my sister and her husband received me. We breakfasted together, and I believe it might be about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when standing at the door, my brother-in-law being by my side, we saw three horsemen galloping toward us. As soon as they came up they stopped, and one of them lighting suddenly seized me by the collar, crying, "You are the queen's prisoner!" I desired to know my crime. He said I should know that as soon as I came to Deal, where I must immediately go with them. One of them told my brother-in-law, that the night before I had committed a murder and robbery.

Resistance would have proved as vain as my tears and protestations of my innocence. In a word a warrant was produced, and I was carried back to Deal attended by the three men; my brother-in-law with another friend accompanied us, who knew not what to say, or how to comfort me.

Being arrived in town, I was immediately hurried to the house where I had slept the preceding night, the master of which was one of the three men that came to apprehend me; though in my first hurry I did not recollect him. We were met at the door by a crowd of people, every one crying, "Which is he? which is he?" As soon as I entered I was accosted by the publican's wife, in tears, "O! cursed wretch, what hast thou done! Thou hast murdered and robbed my poor dear uncle, and all through me, who put thee to lie with him? But where hast thou hid his money? and what hast thou done with his body? Thou shalt be hanged upon a gallows as high as the May-pole." My brother-in-law begged her to be pacified, and I was taken into a private room. They then began to question me as the woman had done, about where I had put the money, and how, I had disposed of the body. I asked them what money, and whose body they meant? They then said I had killed the person I had laid with the preceding night for the sake of a large sum I had seen with him. I fell down upon my knees, calling God to witness, I knew nothing of what they accused me. Then somebody cried, "Carry him up stairs;" and I was brought into the chamber where I had slept. Here the man of the house went to the bed, and turned down the sheets, pillows, and bolster, dyed in blood. He asked me if I knew anything of that. I declared to God I did not. Says a person that was in the room, "Young man, something very odd must have passed here last night; for lying in the next chamber, I heard groanings, and going up and down stairs more than once or twice." I told them the cir-

cumstance of my illness and that I had been up and down myself, with all that passed between my bedfellow and me. Somebody proposed to search me; several began to turn my pockets inside out, and from my waistcoat tumbled the penknife and the piece of money I have already mentioned. Upon seeing these, the woman immediately screamed out, "O God! there is my uncle's penknife!" Then taking up the money and calling the people about her, "Here," said she, "is what puts the villain's guilt beyond a doubt; I can swear to this William and Mary's guinea: my uncle has long had it by way of pocket-piece, and engraved the first letters of his name upon it." She then began to cry again, while I could do nothing but continue to call Heaven to witness that I was as innocent as the child unborn. After this they carried me down to the outhouse, and here fresh proofs appeared against me. The constable, who had never left me, perceived blood upon the edges of the seat (caused by the hemorrhage the night before). "Here," said he, "after having cut the throat, he has let the body down into the sea." This everybody immediately assented to.

"Then," said the master of the house, "it is in vain to look for the body any further, for there was a spring tide last night, which has carried it off."

The consequence of these proceedings was an immediate examination before a justice of peace; after which I suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment in the county town of Maidstone. For some time, my father, my master, and my relations, were inclined to think me innocent; and, in compliance with my earnest request, an advertisement was published in the London gazette, representing my deplorable circumstances, and offering a reward to any person who could give tidings of Mr. Richard Collins (the name of the man I was supposed to have murdered), either alive or dead. No information, however, of any kind came to hand. At the assizes, therefore, I was brought to trial; and circumstances appearing strong against me, I received sentence to be carried in a cart the Wednesday fortnight following, to the town of Deal, and there to be hanged before the innkeeper's door where I had committed the supposed murder; after which I was to be hung in chains within a little way of my brother-in-law's house.

Nothing could have supported me under this dreadful condemnation, but a consciousness of my not being guilty of the crime for which I was to suffer. My friends now began to consider my declarations of innocence as persisting in falsehood to the perdition of my soul: many of them discontinued their inquiries after me; and those few who still came to visit me, only came to urge me to confession: but I was resolved I would never die with a lie of that kind in my mouth.

The Monday was now arrived before the fatal day when an end was to be put to my miseries. I was called down into the court of the prison; but I own I was not a little shocked when I found it was to be taken measure of for the irons in which I was to be hung after execution. A fellow-prisoner appeared before me in the same woful plight (he had robbed the mail), and the smith was measuring him when I came down; while the jailer, with as much calmness as if he had been ordering a pair of stays for his daughter, was giving directions in what manner the irons should be made, so as to support the man, who was remarkably heavy and corpulent.

Between this and the day of my execution, I spent my time alone in prayer and meditation. At length Wednesday morning came, and about six o'clock I was put into the cart; but sure, such a day of wind, rain, and thunder, never blew out of the Heavens: it pursued us all the way; and when we arrived at Deal, it became so violent, that the sheriff and his officers, who had not a dry thread upon them, could scarce sit their horses. For my own part, my mind (God help me) was with long agitation become so unfeeling, that I was in a manner insensible to every object about me: I

therefore heard the sheriff whisper to the executioner, to make what despatch he could without the least emotion, and suffered him to tuck me up like a log of wood, unconscious of what he was doing.

I can give no account of what I felt while I was hanging, only that I remember, after being turned off, something for a little appeared about me like a blaze of fire; nor do I know how long I hung: no doubt the violence of the weather favored me greatly in that circumstance. What I am now going to tell you, I learned from my brother-in-law, which was, that, after having hung about half an hour, the sheriff's officers all went off, and I was cut down by the executioner; but when he came to put the irons upon me, it was found a mistake had been made, and that the irons of the other man, which were much too large for me, had been sent instead of mine. This they remedied as well as they could, by stuffing rags between my body and the hoops that surrounded it; after which I was taken according to my sentence, to the place appointed, and hung upon a gibbet which was ready prepared.

The cloth over my face being but slightly tied, and suffering no pressure from the iron, which stood a great way from it, was, I suppose, soon detached by the wind, which was still rather violent, and probably it blowing on my bare face expedited my recovery: certain it is, that in this tremendous situation I came to myself.

It was, no doubt, a very great blessing, that I did not immediately return so perfectly to my senses as to have a feeling of things about me: yet I had a sort of recollection of what had happened, and in some measure, was sensible where I was.

The gibbet was placed at one corner of a small common-field, where my sister's cows usually ran; and it pleased God, that about that time a lad, who took care of them, came to drive them for evening milking. The creatures which were feeding almost under me, brought him near the gibbet; when, stopping to look at the melancholy spectacle, he perceived that the cloth was from off my face; and, in the very moment he looked up, saw me open my eyes, and move my under jaw. He immediately ran home to inform the people at his master's. At first they made some difficulty to believe his story, at length, however, my brother-in-law came out, and, by the time he got to the field I was so much alive that my groans were very audible.

It was now dusk. The first thing they ran for was a ladder. One of my brother-in-law's men mounted, and putting his hand on my stomach, felt my heart beating very strongly. But it was found impossible to detach me from the gibbet, without cutting it down. A saw, therefore, was got for that purpose; and, without giving you a detail of trifling circumstances, in less than half an hour, having freed me from my irons, they had me bled, and put into a warm bed, in my brother-in-law's house.

It is an amazing thing, that though upward of eight persons were intrusted with this transaction, and I remained three days in the place after it happened, not a creature betrayed the secret. Early next morning it was known that the gibbet was cut down; and it immediately occurred to everybody, that it was done by my relations, in order to put a slight veil over their own shame by burying the body: but when my brother-in-law was summoned to the mayor's house in order to be questioned, and he denied knowing anything of the matter, little more stir was made about it; partly because he was greatly respected by all the neighboring gentlemen, and in some measure, perhaps, because it was that I continued to persist strongly in my being innocent of the fact for which I suffered.

Thus, then, was I most miraculously delivered from an ignominious death, if I may call my coming to life a delivery, after all I had endured: but, how was I to dispose of my life, now I had regained it? To stay in England was impossible, without exposing myself again to the terrors of the law.

In this dilemma a fortunate circumstance occurred. There had been for some time, at my brother-in-law's house, one or two of the principal officers of a privateer that was preparing for a cruise, just then ready to sail. The captain kindly offered to take me abroad with him. You may guess little difficulty was made on our side to accept of such a proposal; and proper necessaries being quickly provided for me, my sister recommended me to the protection of God and the worthy commander, who most humanly received me as a sort of under-assistant to his steward.

We had been six months out upon our cruise, having had but very indifferent success, when, being upon the coast of Florida, then in the hands of the Spaniards, we unfortunately fell in with a squadron of their men-of-war; and being consequently taken without striking a stroke, we were all carried prisoners into the harbor of Havana. I was really now almost weary of my life, and should have been very glad to have ended it in this loathsome dungeon, where with forty others of my unfortunate countrymen, the enemy had stowed me; but after three years close confinement we were let out, in order to be put on board transports, to be conveyed to Pennsylvania, and thence to England. This, as you may believe, was a disagreeable sentence to me; taking it for granted, that a return home would be a return to the gallows. Being now, therefore, a tolerable master of the Spanish language, I solicited very strongly to be left behind; which favor I obtained by means of the master of the prison, with whom, during my confinement, I had contracted a sort of intimacy; and he not only took me into his house, as soon as my countrymen were gone, but, in a short time procured me a salary from the governor for being his deputy.

Indeed, at this particular time, the office was by no means agreeable. The coast had been long infested with pirates, the most desperate gang of villains that can be imagined; and there was scarce a month passed that one or the other of their vessels did not fall into the governor's hands, and the crew as constantly was put under my care. Once I very narrowly escaped being knocked on the head by one of the ruffians, and having the keys wrested from me: another time I was shot at. It is true, in both cases the persons suffered for their attempt, and in the last I thought a little too cruelly: for the fellow who let off the carbine, was not only put to the torture to confess accomplices, but afterward broke upon the wheel, where he was left to expire, the most shocking spectacle I ever beheld with my eyes.

I had been in my office about three months, when a ship arrived from Port Royal, another Spanish settlement on the coast, with nine English prisoners on board. I was standing in the street, as they were coming up from the port with a guard of soldiers to the governor's house. I thought something struck me in the face of one of the prisoners, that I had before been acquainted with. I could not stop them for us to speak together; however, in about an hour after, they were all brought down to prison, there to be lodged till the governor signified his further pleasure.

As soon as the poor creatures found I was an Englishman, they were extremely happy, even in their distressed situation; though, indeed, they were treated with lenity enough, and only sent to the prison till a lodging could be provided for them, they having been, in the course of the war, made prisoners as well as myself, and then on their return home. I now had an opportunity of taking notice of the man whose face I thought I knew, and I was more and more confirmed that I was not mistaken. In a word I verily thought that this man was the person for whose supposed murder I had suffered so much in England; and the thought was so strong in my head, that I could not sleep a wink all night.

In the morning after their arrival, I told them, that if any of them had a mind to walk about the town, I would procure them permission, and go along with them. This man said he would go, and it was what I wished.

Three other prisoners, that went out along with us, walked a little in advance. I now took the opportunity, and looking in his face, "Sir," said I, "was you ever at Deal?" I believe he at that instant had some recollection of me; for, putting his hand upon my shoulder, tears burst into his eyes. "Sir," says I, "if you were, and are the man that I take you for, you here see before you one of the most unfortunate of human kind."—"Sir, is your name Collins?" He answered, it was. "Richard Collins?" said I. He replied, "Yes."—"Then," said I, "I was hanged and gibbeted upon your account in England."

After our mutual surprise was over, he made me give him a circumstantial detail of everything that happened to me in England, from the moment we parted. I never saw any man express such concern as he did while I was pursuing my melancholy adventures; but when I came to the circumstance of my being hanged, and afterward hung in chains, I could hardly prevail upon him to believe my relation, till backed by the most serious asseverations, pronounced in the most serious manner. When I had done, "Well," said he, "young man" (for I was then but in my five-and-twentieth year, Mr. Collins, might be about three-and-forty), "if you have sustained misfortunes upon my account, do not imagine (though I can not lay them at your door), that I have been without my sufferings. God knows my heart, I am most exceedingly sorry for the injustice that has been done you; but the ways of Providence are unsearchable." He then proceeded to inform me by what accident all my troubles had been brought about.

"When you left me in bed," said he, "having at first awakened with an oppression I could not account for, I found myself grow exceedingly weak; I did not know what was the matter; I groaned and sighed, and thought myself going to die; when, accidentally putting my hand to my left arm, in which I had been bled the morning before, I found my shirt wet, and in short, that the bandage having slipped, the orifice was again opened, and a great flux of blood ensued. This immediately accounted for the condition I found myself in. I thought, however, I would not disturb the family, which I knew had gone to bed very late. I therefore mustered all my strength, and got up with my night-gown loose about me, to go to a neighboring barber, who had bled me, in order to have the blood stopped and the bandage placed. He lived directly opposite to our house: but when I was crossing the way, in order to knock at his door, a band of men, armed with cutlasses and hangers, came down the town, and seizing me, hurried me toward the beach. I begged and prayed; but they soon silenced my cries. At first I took them for a press-gang; though I afterward found they were a gang of ruffians, belonging to a privateer, aboard of which they immediately brought me. However, before I got thither, the loss of blood occasioned me to faint away. The surgeon of the ship, I suppose, tied up my arm; for, when my senses returned, I found myself in a hammock, with somebody feeling my pulse. The vessel was then under weigh. I asked where I was? They said I was safe enough. I immediately called for my night-gown; it was brought me; but of a considerable sum of money that was in the pocket of it, I could get no account. I complained to the captain of the violence that had been done me, and of the robbery his men had committed; but being a brutish fellow, he laughed at my grief, and told me, if I had lost anything, I should soon have prize-money enough to make me amends. In a word not being able to help myself, I was obliged to submit; and for three months they forced me to work before the mast. In the end, however, we met the same fate that you did. We were taken by the Spaniards; and by adventures parallel to your own, you now see me here on my return to our native country, whither, if you will accompany me, I shall think myself extremely happy."

There was now nothing to prevent my going to England; and a ship be-

ing to set sail for Europe in eight or ten days, in it Mr. Collins and I determined to embark. As soon as we returned home, I went to my master, and told him my resolution: he did not dissuade me from it; chiefly, I suppose, because it gave him an opportunity of getting the little office I held for a nephew of his, who was lately come to live with him, to whom, the very same day, I delivered up my trust. And here the providence of God was no less remarkable to me than in other particulars of my life: for the very same night, eight or ten pirates who were in the prison, watched the occasion, while the young man was locking up the wards, to seize him, taking the keys from him, after having left him for dead; and, before the alarm was sufficiently given, five of them made their escape, having, as it was supposed got off the coast by means of piratical boats, which kept continually hovering about.

It was on the 18th day of November, 1712, that, having made all my little preparations, I sent my trunk abroad the Nostra Senora, a merchant-ship, bound to Cadiz, Micheal Deronza, master. The vessel was to sail that evening, and lay in the road about three miles from the town. About seven o'clock in the evening, I being then sitting with Signor Gasper, my old friend and master, in the portico of his house, a lad came up, and said, the boat had been waiting half an hour for me at the port, and that my companion, Mr. Collins, was already on board. I ran into the house for my small bundle, and only staying to take leave of one or two of the family, made what haste I could to the quay: but when I arrived, I found the boat had already put off, leaving word, that I should overtake them at a little bay, about a mile beyond the town. The dusk was coming on, I ran along the shore; and as I imagined, soon had a sight of the boat to which I hallooed as loud as I was able; they answered, and immediately put about to take me in; but we had scarce got fifty yards from land, when, on looking about for my friend Mr. Collins, I missed him; and then it was that I found I had made a mistake, and, instead of getting aboard my own boat I had got into a boat belonging to some of the pirates. I attempted to leap overboard, and should easily have swam ashore; but I was prevented by one of the crew who gave me a stroke on the head, which immediately laid me senseless; and I found afterward, they mistook me for one of their own men, whom they had sent to purchase something in the town.

A more infernal crew than these pirates breathed not upon the face of the earth. Their whole lives were a scene of rapine and murder, which, when they had not an opportunity of committing upon wretches, that fell into their clutches, during their piratical pursuits, they committed upon one another. During the time that I remained with them, which was upward of three years and three quarters, there was no less than eleven assassinations among themselves. There was an uninhabited island, about twelve leagues west of the gulf of Mexico, which those villains called Swallow island, from the number of those birds which harbored upon it. Here they had a fortification; and the place being rendered almost inaccessible by rocks, except at one little inlet, just large enough to admit a single vessel, they defied the Spanish power.

Their captain was one Bryan Walsh, an Irishman, whom I can not help calling a most execrable and bloody villain, though God Almighty put it into his heart to be a very good friend to me. When I was brought into the ship, and immediately after, into the captain's cabin, the first person that accosted me was one of the fellows that had broke out of prison and had formerly been under my care. He knew me directly; and, without any more ado, drawing out his hanger, aimed a stroke at me, which falling upon my neck, entered deep into the flesh, and must infallibly have put an end to my life, had not the captain prevented it, by raising his cane between him and me, which broke the force of the blow. From this moment, he seemed

to take me under his protection. At his own request, I gave him a history of my life, which astonished him greatly: but, notwithstanding I pleaded hard to be set on shore again, he absolutely refused; and, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, brought me to the island and fortification I have already mentioned, where finding I could read and write, two qualifications he wanted himself, he thought I might be of use to him.

I have already said, that with these people I remained upward of three years; on land I acted as storekeeper; and at sea, as a sort of purser to the ship. It is to be observed, that there was always a sufficient number of men left on the island to man the fort, which was so situated as effectually to prevent the approach of an enemy. Indeed the office of storekeeper was a place of great trust. You would hardly credit me, were I to attempt to tell you the immense riches those robbers had amassed together. One article alone will be sufficient to give you an idea of it. Under one shed, I myself reckoned three thousand eight hundred bales of English goods; and I may safely declare that, in other merchandise of almost every kind, they fell nothing behind; and upon an average, there could not be less in their coffers than two hundred thousand pounds sterling in specie, besides a great quantity of gold in bars.

The continual terror that was on my mind while I remained with these people is not to be imagined; but to give you a detail of my manner of life while I endured this worst of bondage, would be tedious, because it had no variety, and shocking to boot, as I was forced to enter into all their horrid schemes. I shall only tell you, that, in one of our cruises, having met a Jamaica ship, we hoisted out our black colors, and having boarded her, because she made some resistance, and killed one of our men, the captain ordered that the whole crew should be massacred; which wicked command was executed upon the master, five seamen, and a boy, in a manner, before the cruel monster's eyes; then taking the cargo out, which proved to be rum and sugar, we scuttled the ship, and returned to our fortification.

But to see how the Avenger of wicked deeds makes the fruits of our crimes, our punishment, this cargo of rum, which was not many degrees short of aquafortis, was drank by the men with such a furor, that, in little more than three days, out of our complement of eighteen men, seven absolutely lost their lives by it, among which was the captain.

I can not but confess I had some attachment to this man, because he always appeared particularly attached to me: when, therefore, I saw him lie senseless on the floor, overgorged with this infernal liquor, I did everything I could to recover him, and so far succeeded, as to bring him to his senses; but the quantity he had drank had inflamed his bowels to a degree to be assuaged by no lenitives that were in my power to procure him. He was seized with intermitting convulsions, which the next day carried him off: but about four hours before he died, he called to me, in presence of all the men, who stood about him in the cabin and desiring me to sit down with pen and ink, to draw out his will, he left me sole heir to his share of the booty, signing the paper with his mark; which paper through a series of unheard misfortunes, I have preserved in my custody ever since.

We buried the captain the next day; and, on inspection and partition of the treasure, I found myself worth considerably more than forty thousand pounds sterling. The persons now remaining of our company were Joseph Wright, Andrew Van Hooton a Dutchman, James Winter, and myself, the four principals, besides four common men, to whom we assigned five thousand pounds a-piece, which we gave to each of them in dollars; nor, did I observe any discontent among them on account of the bequest the captain had made to me.

All my thoughts were immediately bent on getting off the island to some of the English settlements. I plainly perceived that my companions wanted

to be again at their old practices: but one day talking upon the subject of another cruise, I represented to them the danger and uncomfortable situation we all were in; that we had each of us a very ample fortune to support us in any part of the world; it was therefore my advice, that we should immediately put our treasure on board, with as much of the merchandise as we could conveniently carry off, and make the best of our way to Jamaica, where there was no doubt but we should be well received.

They agreed to the proposal with more alacrity than I thought they would. We fell immediately to work, and, in two days, were prepared to sail. But, though we put a considerable quantity of bale goods on board, the quantity still in the warehouses was astonishing. I warned the fellows of their rapacity, and the danger of too deeply loading the ship, but they would not give over till she could hold no more; and then the treasure, packed in chests, each man's share separate to himself, we put in the cabin.

We weighed anchor the 3d of August, and for three days we had excellent weather; but the fourth a storm began to threaten, and the symptoms still increasing, by midnight such a war was raised between heaven and earth, as to that hour I never was witness to. About three o'clock in the morning, we were obliged to heave the ship to under her bare poles; and the sea ran so exceeding high, that we could venture to keep no lights aboard, though the night was so dark, that we could scarce see one another at a quarter of a yard distance: the wind still increasing, we sprung the main-mast about six feet from the deck, that nothing could save it. We now began to feel the consequence of too deeply lading the vessel. The first things we threw overboard were our guns; and, as our case became more and more desperate, everything followed them, not excepting our chests of treasure. Thus I was once more reduced to my original state of poverty. As daylight appeared, the storm abated. We then, as well as we were able, erected jury-masts; and in about four hours managed, with the greatest difficulty, to get the vessel again under sail.

I was now standing behind the man at the wheel, leaning against the mizen-mast, returning God thanks in my own mind for our amazing escape, when the boatswain came up to me, and said, "Damme, Master Gwinett, you have brought us all into a pretty hole here; if it had not been for you we should not have taken this trip, and lost the substance we have been working for so many years; but you lop too, I assure you." I asked him what he meant; he said he would let me see; upon which he and two or three others of them that came behind him, seizing me by the nape of the neck, and the waistband of the breeches, forced me over the rails of the quarter-deck, and dropped me into the sea.

The shock of the fall, and the amaze I was in from so unexpected an accident, almost bereaved me of my senses. I endeavored, however, to keep myself above water as well as I could, though I had no manner of hopes of saving my life. My first attempt was to swim after the ship; but finding that impracticable, I turned about, and I believe might have swam about three quarters of an hour, when, being very faint and weak, I began to put my last prayer to God, and determined to commit myself to the bottom of the deep; but, at that instant, turning my head a little aside, I saw, at a small distance from me, a body, which at first I took for a barrel, but, good Lord! what was my joy and astonishment, when coming near it, I perceived it to be one of our own boats, which had been washed over-board the night before; and, to complete my joy, the oars were lashed to the seat. Almost spent as I was, I made a shift to get into it; and here I saw myself freed in a miraculous manner from the fury of the waves; but at the same time, I found myself in an open boat, at least sixty leagues from land, without a compass, or any kind of nourishment whatsoever, unless I might count some tobacco I had in a box in one of my waistcoat pockets; and I believe in my

conscience, it afforded a nourishment that, in a great measure, helped to preserve me.

It was a very great blessing for me, that moderate weather followed the tempest by which means I was enabled to keep the boat tolerably steady. I could not be less than thirty hours in this situation, when I was taken up by a Spanish carrack; but I can hardly reckon that among fortunate accidents; for the same day that I entered the ship, one of the men, while I was asleep, hanging up my clothes among the shrouds to dry, in doing it, emptied my pockets, and finding several papers relative to the pirates' affairs, as soon as they arrived in Port Royal, whether they were bound, they seized me as one of that desperate gang. I must observe to you, that when I was first taken into the ship I gave a false account of myself, which caution was my utter ruin: for now confessing the truth, and telling them I had been forced into the pirate's service with all that had happened to me among them, my prevarication made them suspect my veracity, and I was kept two years in prison; when, by what means I know not, some of the wretches, with whom I left our island, having been taken as pirates, upon the Spanish coasts in Europe, an order came to bring me over to Cadiz in Old Spain, in order to be evidence. When I came there, I was confined for many months; but at length, when the pirates were brought to their trial, instead of being made use of as an evidence, I found myself treated as a delinquent, and with two others condemned to the galleys for life.

I worked on board them for several years; when the galley I belonged to was ordered to sea, against an Algerine rover, that infested the coast; but, instead of one, we met three of them. The issue of the engagement was fatal to us. The greater part of the crew was killed, and the rest taken prisoners, among which last I was one, having lost one of my legs, in the action.

After this, I passed a long and painful slavery in Algiers, till, with many other English captives, I was released, by an agreement between the dey of Algiers and his Britannic majesty's agent. In the year 1730, I returned to England. The first thing I did was to inquire after my relations; but all those nearest to me were dead; and I found Mr. Collins had never returned home, so I suppose he died in his passage. Though not an old man, I was so enfeebled by hardships, that I was unable to work; and being without any manner of support, I could think of no way of getting my living but by begging.

Account of James Crichton, *the Profound Scholar.*

This gentleman was a native of Scotland, who in the course of a short life acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments of both mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said by the generality of writers to have been in 1551; but the earl of Buchan, in a memoir read to the society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father was lord-advocate of Scotland in Queen Mary's reign from 1561 to 1573; and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrews. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to

Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given: he caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words: "If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill-fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond-ring and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with this exertions on this occasion, that he went the very next day to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise then in great vogue, and, in the presence of a great number of ladies, and of some of the princes of the French court, carried away the ring fifteen times successively.

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris. Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that

writer, the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Raurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice, he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was at that time in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honored him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion, he delivered extempore an oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterward appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abilities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous philosopher, and that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honorable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavored to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle, and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their master's meaning and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy,

that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua, Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton being informed of his concern, offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard, yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal; and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigor, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of his wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art, grace, or nature, second the precepts of art in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son, Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alleging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspected Crichton to be more in favor than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability, represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic; and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis, whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or

design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter. The time of his decease is said, by the generality of his biographers, to have been in the beginning of July, 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common accounts declare that he was killed in the 32d year of his age; but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterward, his picture was to be seen in most of the bedchambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us, that Crichton gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness, breeding, and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company; of the poor by his munificence and liberality; of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers by his undaunted valor and courage; of the merchants and dealers by his upright dealing and honesty; and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a masterpiece of nature.

THE END.

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